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### HUMORS OF CHARLES LAMB.

HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED.

BY ONE WHO KNEW HIM.

ELIA is so well known to the public that a description either of his person or manners would be a piece of "waste love or labor." We shall therefore merely relate the bon-mots it was either our good fortune to hear him utter, or to receive from his intimates. In justice to the memory of the great Humorist it must be always borne in mind that every word he uttered of an emphatic character was so heightened and colored by the peculiarity of his manner that the effect was complete. The hesitation in his speech, which in another would have been an abominable stutter, gave a force and an epigrammatic point to his utterance which often rendered his retorts almost electrical. It seemed as though he paused like a finished actor at the emphatic point, and having gained perfect attention, sent home true to the very centre his bullet-like word. With this prelude we at once introduce him to our readers:

I.

#### W(H)INE AND WATER.

One very rainy evening when Lamb and a friend of his were enjoying their "potation of spirit and water" over a Beaumont and Fletcher in folio—his sister begged Lamb to go and quiet their dog which in his kennel at the back door was making a dreadful howling. The old wit turned round to her and said, "Pray, my dear Mary, do let the poor beast outside do as we are doing inside, enjoy his 'Whine and Water.'"

II.

#### "CHEESE."

A Cheesemonger, who, having realized a large fortune, retired with a genteel wife and still genteeler daughter to enjoy the "otium cum dignitate" in a nobleman sort of way at Highgate, where he had a superb villa, was above all things most anxious to conceal from every one of his acquaintances that he had ever been engaged in trade at all—more especially in so low a calling as that of "Cheesemonger." It was the canker in his blooming rose of life, and any allusion, however accidental, was con-

strued by him into a deadly and never to be forgiven insult.

In a large party at the house of the village clergyman, Coleridge, Lamb, and the quondam cheesemonger were present. In a discussion on the hard Poor Law, which was then agitating the political and social circles of London, the retired tradesman took high ground, and irritated the kind-hearted Elia by violent denunciations of the poor; turning round, and with great appearance of triumph over the silent wit, he said to the company generally, but more particularly to Lamb, "You must bear in mind, sir, that I have got rid of all that stuff which you Poets call the 'Milk of Human Kindness.'" Lamb looked at him steadily and gave in his acquiescence in these words—"Yes, sir, I am aware of it—you turned it all into cheese several years ago." The retired cheesemonger was inconsolable.

III.

#### PEACOCKS' FEATHERS.

Lamb was once invited by an old friend to meet an author who had just published a volume of poems; when he got there (being somewhat early) he was asked by his host to look over the volume of the expected visitor. A few minutes convinced Elia that it possessed very little merit, being a feeble echo of different authors. This opinion of the Poetaster was fully confirmed by the appearance of the gentleman himself, whose self-conceit and confidence in his own Book were so manifest as to awaken in Lamb that spirit of mischievous waggonery so characteristic of the Humorist. Lamb's rapid and tenacious memory enabled him during the dinner to quote fluently several passages from the pretender's volume. These he gave with this introduction—"This reminds me of some verses I wrote when I was very young"—he then, to the astonishment of the gentleman in question, quoted something from the volume. Lamb tried this a second time; the gentleman looked still more surprised, and seemed evidently bursting with suppressed indignation. At last as a climax to the fun Lamb coolly quoted the well-known opening lines of *Paradise Lost*, as written by himself. This was too much for the versemonger—he immediately rose to his legs, and with an impressive solemnity of manner thus addressed the claimant to so many poetical honors—"Sir, I have tamely submitted all this evening to hear you claim the merit that may belong to any little poems of my own; this I have borne in silence, but, Sir, I never will sit quietly by and see the Immortal Milton robbed of 'Paradise Lost.'"

IV.

#### LAMB HISSING HIS OWN FARCE.

When Lamb's farce of Mr. H. was acted, he gave a curious instance of one of his singular traits. It must be at once conceded that there were small evidences of humor in it, and the construction was undramatic; still there was much to show it was written by a man infinitely superior to all the farce writers in the kingdom. Towards the end of the performance, when it was evident to all that the piece was unmistakably damned, the attention of some of Lamb's friends was drawn to a very loud and violent hissing, which, like a stormy petrel, seemed to ride on the whirlwind

and to direct the storm, or as Talfourd said, it was the most prominent fact of the evening, "by merit raised to that bad eminence." What was their astonishment to find that this vigorous expression of dissent came from Lamb himself, who, when questioned as to his motive after the fall of the curtain, stammered out in his peculiar pop-gun manner, "I was so damnably afraid they would take me to be the Author!"

### DRAFTS AT SIGHT ON THE SOUTHWEST.

NO. IV.

#### THE BATTLE OF SAN JACINTO.

"No gorgeous banners we unfold  
Of crimsoned silk and yellow gold;  
No waving plumes and helmets bright,  
Nor charger prancing for the fight;  
But men as true and hearts as bold  
As e'er their lives for freedom sold  
At Leuctra or Thermopylae.  
We bring into the field to-day,  
To chase the weir-wolf from his lair,  
Or falling, sleep for ever there."

BUFFALO BAYOU makes nearly a right angle with the San Jacinto. The prairie upon which the battle was fought is almost level, elevated some thirty feet above the bayou and bay, and bounded upon two sides by a "marais" or marsh. The few huts which compose the "petty" (not pretty, as the printer made me to say) village of San Jacinto, stand exactly at the angle of junction. Leaving these, and turning to your left, after a move of perhaps a mile upon the low ground on the margin of the bayou, you turn again to the left, and ascending a gentle hill, you are upon the battle ground. At the summit of the hill is a beautiful grove, or, in Texan parlance, "island of timber," upon the outer edge of which, in unpretending graves encircled by common paling, the heroes that fell upon the field sleep their last sleep.

This first "island" was the spot where the Texans pitched their camp. In and around another island upon your right, distant not more than half a mile, did the first severe fighting and skirmishing occur. Here fell nearly all the Americans whose lives were lost in the engagement. Directly in front of you, and in a line with the first island, stands yet another, at the distance of a mile, while you will see a fourth, larger than the others, in a line with, and opposite to the second, its right resting upon the extreme verge of the high ground, and overlooking the marsh and bay. Here lay Santa Anna's army; in front of this, and between it and the smaller grove upon its left, was the battle fought. The prairie here is slightly rolling, descending within half way between the two camps, and then again rising. Thus the camps were upon a level, with a piece of lower ground between them, which circumstance, one might suppose, would have given a decided advantage to the party attacked; but thanks to Mexican management and Mexican gunnery, the reverse was the case. You will perceive the field is a parallelogram, bounding it on two sides by lines drawn from island to island, and the shores of the Bayou and Bay completing the figure. It is a rich piece of land, covered during nine months of the year with a fine crop of grass, and spangled with innu-

merable flowers of all hues and forms. The ground is hard, smooth, and would be an admirable place for a review.

The whole country, at the time of which I speak, was frantic with excitement and alarm.

Some seized the first horse that they could find, and unprepared, save with their rifles and a day's provisions, rushed to the army, with no thought save of revenge for the cold-blooded murder of a father, brother, son, or friend, by their dastardly and treacherous foe. Others again made post-haste for the Sabine, taking their families with them, but without caring for anything else, leaving stock of cattle, plantation, houses, and such furniture as they possessed to the tender mercies of the enemy, or the first gang of robbers that might chance that way. To use a very meaning western expression, it was a perfect "stampede."

When the disastrous news of the fall of the Alamo, and massacre of Fanning's command near Goliad, reached the army, they were lying upon the Brazos, and it is said that many of them also shared the general alarm. Houston was in command, and what his intentions were it would now be very difficult indeed to ascertain; but from the statements of the officers with him at that time, it would appear to have been his design to have retreated into the Red Lands, then and now the most densely populated part of Texas, and thus to force the settlers to recruit his army, by bringing the war to their very doors.

Whether even this plan would have succeeded is very doubtful, as the three divisions of the invading army would have joined forces ere they had attempted to overrun this section.

At this critical period, when the heads of the government beat a very undignified retreat from Harrisburgh, upon the "sauve qui peut" principle, General Rusk, the Secretary of War, —to whose determination and courage Texas owes everything—alone hastened to the army. One immediate change took place for the better; his presence did much, his action more; not appearing himself to command, his orders were promulgated through the regular channels, and prompt and decisive they were. Scouting parties scattered along the banks of the Brazos were called in, the small army concentrated and prepared for the conflict, and the route ordered the moment his hurried preparations were completed.

Santa Anna's division crossed the Brazos on the 11th of April, marched through Harrisburgh, which they burned, and then took the road on the right of Buffalo Bayou to New Washington.

On the 16th, the Texan army took up the line of march; and on the 19th crossed the bayou, taking the road on the left of the stream. They were thus nearly upon the track of their foe, but chose the other side, perhaps because it afforded shelter and concealment, perhaps because it might offer an opportunity to retreat.

A short distance from the crossing, the road forks; one trail leading to the Atascaseta ford of the San Jacinto, and thence to Nacogdoches, the other to Lynchburgh. At the junction the guides paused, having as yet received no orders as to their future course.

At length the order was given, and the army marched down the bayou road.

It would appear to have been, even at that late hour, a matter of great doubt whether the battle was to be fought, or a hurried retreat made. The fate of Texas at that moment hung trembling in the scale.

Houston's reply to those whom he met, and who eagerly inquired the destination of the troops, was, as I have been informed by officers who were with him on that day, that he was "going down to fight the Mexicans, but against his will and advice, and that he was not responsible for the consequences." Be this as it may, the army pressed forward and encamped that night near the bank of the bayou, and not far from Lynchburgh.

The transit of the little army was effected with safety and rapidity early the next morning, and they had just "camped" in the previously-mentioned grove, when the Mexican bugles sounding upon the prairie, announcing the advance of Santa Anna, summoned them to arms. A few shots were exchanged without serious effect; the enemy fell back and encamped also. In the afternoon Col. Sherman, with his small corps of cavalry, was despatched to reconnoitre, and in so doing drew out the entire mounted force of the Mexicans upon his handful of men, who retreated to the small "island" nearer the Texan camp. Why he was not supported by Houston is an enigma that none but Houston can solve; but from whatever motives he acted, he left them to their fate.

With desperate courage Sherman finally rallied his men, and cut his way through to camp, with the loss of five or six killed, and several wounded.

The Texan army now consisted of some seven hundred and twenty men, and a very heterogeneous collection it was. A few artillery-men under the gallant veteran, Colonel Neil, a part of a regiment of infantry commanded by Colonel Millard, a squad of men from Tormehow, skilled in backwoods warfare, the use of rifle and bowie knife, a few Mexicans also battling for independence, under Col. Seguin, a company under Capt. Baker, that had nobly acquitted themselves in baffling the entire Mexican force (upon the banks of the Brazos, with but thirty men), and that duty done, hastened to rejoin the army, a company of volunteers from Alabama, under Col. Turner, &c., &c. Santa Anna had brought into the field an army variously estimated at from thirteen to sixteen hundred, and these were further augmented by the command of General Cos, who arrived on the morning of the 21st with nearly six hundred fresh troops.

Captain Wharton with a squad of men had been sent early on the morning of the 21st to see that the bridges were in order and boats in readiness in case a retreat was necessary, but determined upon a desperate conflict, in direct opposition to his orders, he destroyed both bridges and boats. There was no alternative, it was really liberty or death, and preparations were made for the approaching conflict. The army was drawn up so as to present as much face as possible, to prevent their being outflanked by the enemy. The conflict was commenced by Neil's artillery, and the Texans at "double quick" marched on the foe. The Mexicans had drawn up in front as a breastwork, a number of trees with their branches lopped; these were covered with pack-saddles, blankets, &c., so as to render them an almost insurmountable obstacle, and one fatal to the attacking party. Mexicans have one great peculiarity, they are in idea at least altogether too brave, and it is a great pity that their physical cannot keep pace with their moral courage. Santa Anna affected to despise his opponents, and not content with quietly awaiting an attack, which the situation of the ground, slightly ascending towards his line,

and the admirable defence I have just mentioned, would, with any ordinary degree of prudence and courage on the part of the defendants, have resulted in their favor, must needs make a display of his extra courage and gallantry, by drawing up his best and most reliable corps, the Guerrero battalion, in front of the works, to receive the enemy with the honors of war.

The Texans came on two deep—deployed, as I have before said, to prevent their being outflanked, and also to give an opportunity for every man in their scanty ranks to add to the effect of the first fire. Three volleys from the Mexicans passed harmless over their heads,—and now came their turn.

At a distance of sixty yards every musket and rifle was presented, each man covering his adversary. A line of fire ran along the ranks, and down fell at least a hundred of the enemy.

As for the valiant troops in advance of their proper position, they very early in the engagement evinced a strong and marked desire to shift their quarters; and the first volley from the Texans throwing them into utter confusion, their officers undertook to march them round the breastwork, when, just as they wheeled, a second volley—as a Texan remarked to me in speaking of the affair—*did the business for them*; and not having time to go round the breastwork, they made a desperate effort to dash over it.

In one instant their foes were upon them, and all attempts at defence ceased, with the solitary exception of Col. Almonte, who alone of all the officers endeavored to rally his men, and partially succeeding, although but for a moment, his men running again at the first fire,—he remained upon the spot where they had deserted him, refusing to fly.

The cavalry, who had not participated in the action, but were at that particular time making themselves generally useful about the camp fires, did not wait for the bugle, but each man seizing the first horse that came to hand, not stopping for the usual formalities of saddle and bridle, went off pell-mell over the prairie.

As far as the "Napoleon of the West" is concerned, it is highly probable that had a cup been offered to the victor in the race he would have won the prize. The Texan battle cry had been "Remember the Alamo," and the poor wretches now suing for quarter, were shouting in frantic tones all over the field "Me no Alamo."

As soon as it was possible the massacre was checked, but not until over seven hundred of the Mexicans had fallen.

That afternoon and the next day the victorious party scoured the prairie and woods in the hope of finding the swift-footed general and his officers. Cos first made his appearance; and expecting nothing but immediate death, as soon as he was brought into camp he threw himself upon the ground covered with a blanket. Santa Anna was found the next day in the dress of a common soldier, crouching in the grass, but on being brought in was immediately recognised by the men, who raised the cry of "Santa Anna," "El Presidente." When found he was making his way into the "timber" of Vince's bayou. The prisoners, 800 in number, were at first sent to Galveston, and afterwards divided out among the planters for a time.

In 1842 permission was given them to return to Mexico, and Santa Anna issued a proclamation inviting them to return to the



arms of their countrymen; but having had a taste both of liberty and the spurious article of Mexican manufacture, they very coolly replied to his flourish of trumpets with a card informing the gentleman that "they would see him hanged first"—and in about as many words too. Poor Santa Anna, who but a short time before had threatened to carry his victorious standard over the Sabine, and plant it in Washington, now assumed a tone in keeping with his fallen fortune, and all have heard how with soft words he influenced his captor's heart, although many think a harder currency passed between them.

The battle itself was nothing; it was in fact a massacre, not to be compared with the battle of the Horse Shoe, near the Missouri Conception, of which not one in a hundred at the North has even heard; not to be mentioned with the assault of San Antonio, the defence of the Alamo, or even in latter times, Jourdan's desperate fight and retreat, the battle of Mier, or the engagement at Lipantitlan, if you regard disparity of force, duration of combat, or the desperate circumstances of the Texans.

The peculiar time, the events which heralded it, and the wonderful results, have given it notoriety. In describing it there is but little to say; it was the affair of a moment. Like the lightning of the heaven, instantaneous in its action but fearful and lasting in its effects, or the stroke of the omnipotent wand of the Hebrew Seer; it was but a flur, yet the rock of Tyranny was rent in twain, and the pure, fresh, and invigorating waters of Liberty welled forth in an exhaustless stream to fertilize the thirsting land.

The Mexicans were not prepared to expect further resistance, and probably did not know three hours before they reached the field that Houston was already there. They had imagined the war concluded—the people flying, frantic with fright, before them, without the least idea of again offering an armed opposition to the soi-disant Napoleon of the West.

Fanning's small army had been slaughtered—Ivan with his handful of men crushed and butchered by a force twenty-five times their own numbers; and it is no wonder that alarm and panic should seize the murderers to find themselves suddenly confronted with something near an equal number of men, with whom they had dealt before and almost learned to consider incarnate devils, not common everyday flesh and blood—men who knew their only hope lay in victory, and who would fight on until the last soldier should pour his life-blood upon the fated plain—men forced by indignities and cold-blooded treachery, maddened with a demonic spirit of revenge for friends butchered and homes desecrated—nerved to battle to the last by the knowledge that with them fell the last hope of liberty—their fathers and mothers, their wives and daughters left a prey to the most cowardly and inexorable tyrant.

It is doubtful whether the arrival of Cos improved matters in the least—their numbers were increased it is true, but the increase brought with it at the same time a train of officers, many of whom had met the Texans before, and one of them at least,—the general—had no stomach since the stormy affair of "San Antonio" to fight them with any odds.

Cos was the brother-in-law of Santa Anna, but a feeling of bitter enmity sprang up between them after his disgraceful surrender of Bexar—yielding a strongly fortified town to a force of less than one-sixth his own number.

When reproached by the President for his gross cowardice, he replied:—"Sir, you little

know the men with whom you are now contending; by treachery or an immense superiority in numbers, you may succeed in crushing a few, but mark my word, if ever you meet them in the open field without your force more than quadruples them, you will be defeated, and that, too, at a blow."

In speaking to a Texan officer of his surrender, he said, "Why, sir, what could I do? my men could not show the tip of a finger above a rampart, but in one instant an eye unseen by us, observed it, and a rifle ball cut it off—my men were perfectly paralysed."

So great was his hatred to the commander-in-chief, that not for two hours after his arrival did he report himself at head-quarters, and it was only after he heard the opening cannonade that he did so.

Upon his announcing his presence and that of his corps, Santa Anna, with a cold sneer, inquired, "Well, sir, and where is my command?"

"Dios!" exclaimed Cos, in absolute exultation, "you have no command—you are annihilated in five minutes."

My authority for the preceding anecdote is a former officer in the Texan service—one who has known Cos long and well, and to whom they were related by him. P. P.

### Cleanings of a Continental Cour.

#### I. HOLLAND.

It is difficult to imagine a greater contrast than the short transit from London to Rotterdam produces. It is in landing at the latter place that the American feels that he is seeing strange sights, and is among a strange people. The waters which wash her coasts do not separate England from the continent of Europe so entirely as her peculiarly self-relying character; and there is no nation more grotesque, more artificial, and altogether more singular, than the Dutch. I have always remarked a great similarity between them and the Chinese, and the resemblance which prevails to a certain extent between their characters is impressed on the face of the country. The little green country-houses, with their gardens and canals, around Amsterdam, might do honor to Peking.

It cannot be denied that Holland is a singular country. She is purely an artificial land. Of her whole extent, there is but little which belonged of right to *terra firma*, and over which the ocean may not at all times assert his right of ownership, for, unhappily, there is no "law of limitation" here. Living thus at the mercy of the waves, it certainly required a character of the firmest to build in their mud-hole a great and prosperous nation, to project works of the most stupendous dimensions, to watch and repair them with a persevering, almost stolid steadiness, to raise a noble emporium, Queen of the Commerce of the World, to send her fleets on every sea, to conquer Spain upon the land and England on the ocean, to sweep away by her sluice-guarded floods the armies of the former, and to beard the latter in the Thames, hanging high at her mast-head the immortal broomstick of Van Tromp, with which she boasted she would cleanse the ocean; finally, to elevate and refine where she had enriched and made powerful, and to give the world a new and admirable School of Art.

Perhaps a nation never existed, which so forcibly illustrated the power of united effort. The little mountain stream, fed from sources almost imperceptible, which gurgles over its

pebbly bottom and through pendent boughs, which it can hardly do more than move in its path—the gently-flowing rivulet, of which the lamb drinks, as it winds on its long and distant course, receiving the waters of other streams, as modest and gentle as itself—spreads wider and wider, moves faster and faster, and wears every hour a deeper channel, until it rolls its immense waves through a mouth of gigantic magnitude, and impels its waters to a distance almost as enormous, without intermingling with those of the ocean. So with the inhabitants of the Delta of Holland. Masonry was planted, piles were sunk and cemented together, and with a wall of reeds held together by wisps of straw, the workmen dared to retire to repose, while the waters rose 24 and even 30 feet above their heads. Rivers were compelled to submit to gates and locks, not to impede their downward course, but to force their rise. A nation was born on this artificial soil, and pursued a steady march to greatness, while guards stationed along the line of the ramparts, stood ever ready to give notice of the approach of the enemy. Often it gained on them, often conquered them. Friesland, we know, has seen no less than 30 inundations, and the present century has been witness to one as dreadful and ruinous as any of its predecessors.

Nor is it against nature alone that this heroic little nation has battled. The Records of Liberty are full of the praises of Dutch valor. Satirical "Vatheks" may ridicule their galligaskins, and compare them, fat, contented, lazy souls, to oysters; Voltaire, that cynic of the human race, may take his leave of them, exclaiming, "Adieu canaux, canards, canaille!" But virtues like theirs are proof against ridicule. Can Greece or Rome, Switzerland, or Tyrol, or America, present more glorious fields, or a more protracted, difficult, and honorable struggle for freedom? Under every disadvantage, with no fastness, no mountain-stronghold to which to fly, no unpeopled wilderness through which they might roam in safety, they were to face the veterans of Alva and Philibert of Savoy, then the first troops of Europe. Their sieges are so many eulogiums, the most glowing of which is that of Leyden; where the brave burgher, Vanderwerf, held out against pestilence, famine, force, and hope, till at last God fought for him, and the floods sweeping away the Spanish troops, retired again, without injury, to the garrison; and that of Haarlem, much more unhappy in its results. History loves to linger over the sacrifice of the townsmen of Calais, and Pity smiles through her tears on Queen Philippa, who saved them; but the story of the fifty-seven hostages of Haarlem is as honorable to human nature, and sadder in its event, for no woman's voice was near, and the cruel Alva, and his yet more remorseless son, those "hellhounds of savage war," were demons, not men, like Edward of England. The fifty-seven patriots were not the only victims; but, adding treachery to brutality, no mercy was shown, nor faith kept, and the appointment of four executioners, always at work, anticipated the horrors of the French Revolution, until regular butchery was found tedious, and the victims were tossed, two by two, into the lake. The Muse of Byron has immortalized the Maid of Saragossa, but should the unrhythmic name of Klenau Hasselaer debar her, and her 300 Dutch maidens, from equal honor? We lament that the hero-governor of Moscow, who held the first torch to his own house, should be unpronounceable, but his self-regardlessness was equalled in the War of the

Dutch Revolution. We can even now see in imagination, the dauntless Swiss rushing down from their heights, at Morat and Morgarten, and our heart thrills, as we in fancy hear the clear Tyrolean notes, "In the name of the Holy Trinity, *let go*," and see the stony masses descend on the invaders. We exult with the right, as Ethan Allen summons Ticonderoga to surrender "in the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress." But we rarely hear of the Dutch struggle, for it was fought neither from mountain heights nor on our native land, but in impartial history, William of Orange far outranks Hofer or Tell; and, as uniting mind to heart, "the statesman's soul" to "the leader's eye," he approaches more nearly to Washington.

So many assailable points as there are in Dutch manners and habits could hardly escape a full allowance of ridicule. The first thing we quarrel with is the face of the country itself. Singular and grotesque, it amuses for a time, but soon grows so insipid that the sight of a hill affords inconceivable delight. Flat as a board, with canals on the side of each road, and dividing every field with regular, clipped, and unnaturally distorted trees arranged along them; at every point of the compass a great staring windmill, flapping its broad wings, and going round, round, with a lazy, persevering, and monotonous motion, which almost puts one to sleep—such is the general scenery of Holland. The little country houses, or rather boxes, often very like Chinese pagodas, placed just on the verge of the canal, and surrounded by their gay and dazzling gardens and ornamented grounds, especially those at Haarlem, the country residence of the gentlemen of Amsterdam, form a feature new to the traveller. Here, in the very seat of the Tulip mania, Dutch gardening reaches its height and perfection.

The towns of Holland are generally alike in monotony, though particular ones boast particular beauties. Rotterdam has a superb allée of trees along her chief quay and canal, which renders her Bompjes one of the finest streets in Europe; Leyden has its University, its noble collections, and its Botanic Garden; Utrecht presents the singularity of a canal far below the level of the street, winding between houses, on the roofs of which the street is laid, and points to her lime-promenade, which Louis XIV. honored and spared; Haarlem has its gardens and its world-renowned organ; and the capital, the Hague, is perhaps in itself the least remarkable of all, except for possessing the Picture Gallery and the palaces of the New and Old kings, and the very pretty forest, quite American, encompassing the Palace in the Woods. All Dutch towns are more or less alike, and they are certainly unlike any other; the domestic architecture of Flanders, even, is quite different. The neat brick houses, with grotesque ornaments, cross-beams, and cut-up appearance, the gables carried over the roof, and ornamented with wooden lions or other toys, the little fantastic squares of black and white brick over the doors, the quaint comfort, the infinite variety of houses, the green verandas, low porticoes, the elaborately neat pavements, the canals, their bridges and barges, the windmills here, there, and everywhere, and as much as anything else, the women—are all Hollandish. The Dutch women are decidedly the handsomest in Europe; the trimmest, the most milk-and-waterish, with fine eyes, complexions, and teeth, and with a costume which is admirably calculated to set off their plump, yet beautiful figures, and full, piquant faces—a neat, stiff, frilled cap, with ornaments of

gold, figured chintz dress, fitting close as possible to the shape, and short broad skirts, falling but one-third way over the figured petticoat, which itself by no means touches the ground. That the Dutch ladies possess the curiosity which from the days of mother Eve has been the property of the sex, the little square mirrors, fixed in almost every window, which sweep the street up and down, the fair gazer being herself unseen, abundantly prove. But they show, too, that their curiosity is greater than their vanity, inasmuch as they do not, as in America, desire to be seen also.

Amsterdam, the substantial capital of Holland, is a wonderful city. Its charities, its fine lines of canals, its quays and storehouses on the Y, the half-rural and picturesque, half-business like docks, the promenade which flanks one side of the environs, form a city not more prosperous and noble as a commercial emporium, than picturesque and beautiful as a capital. The edifices are not very remarkable, except the Stadt-huis, or Palace, and one of the chief of its claims to notice is that 13,695 wooden piles support its superstructure. But the two principal streets, the Heerengracht (Quai des Messieurs) and Kaisergracht (Quai de l'Empereur), are surpassed by few, if equalled by any of the European streets in majesty and grandeur. The former boasts its houses, the latter its avenue of trees; each has handsome pavements, and a spacious canal; I thought the houses of the Kaisergracht fine, till I saw those of the Heerengracht. They are, as a whole, a noble row, but separately no more than sumptuous dwelling-houses, some fantastic and Dutch, most, however, modern in appearance. The trees before the houses, on both sides the canal, are yet young, and while they give an airy and graceful appearance to the coup d'œil, do not hide the edifices. But the Kaisergracht is lined on both sides with giants, casting at evening deep shadows on the water, and presenting a vista, wholly different from the other, more solemn and majestic, if less elegant. I think Venice hardly surpasses the view of the two bridges at the junction of the Kaiser and Regulius' Grachts; the light and shade under the two arches is beautiful, especially at night, when the lights gleam on the water.

Two villages near Amsterdam, which do not fall under the denomination of the great towns of Holland, it would be inexcusable to pass by. These are Brock and Saardam. The former lies prettily grouped on a little, rippling, blue lake, near the great ship canal (a wonder in its way), and is extensively known as "the neatest town in the world." We were obliged to leave our carriage outside and walk through, as we did afterwards at Pompeii. We found everything very clean, very elaborate, very dull, and very stare-worthy (how the people exist I cannot imagine): the show-stables, with canals and streams of pure water running through, and cows' tails tied-up, all "en règle," and the crowning absurdity, the garden of M. Bakker, the rich clergyman, with its puppets and miniature bridges and rivers, very ridiculous. Brock, in fact, was a new lion, and pleased me much less than Saardam, which, though in the same style, is in the natural (or unnatural) taste of the country, and not kept in order for visitors. It is surrounded by windmills, reaching, they say, to the distance of five miles; at any rate, there are enough to set Don Quixote in despair. The show-place here is much superior to Bakker's Garden, the old wooden house, in which the barbaric monarch and wise legislator, Peter the Great, worked when he lived the life of a

shipwright. Saardam is truly a most fantastic place; the partiality for green is so great that, not content with the green and flat country around, they plaster green paint all over their houses, and where the whole body of the house escapes this, they at least paint the doors, windows, sills, and fences. The shape of the top parts of their houses is precisely like those of children's toy-towns, and the whole town is a magnified baby-house. Its narrow and clean streets, its little cottages, flowering gardens, trimmed and cut trees, its lines and squares of boxwood seen in all directions, its dwarf canals; in fine, the diminutive and box-like look of all things renders it not only the quaintest of places, but a perfect curiosity of the *petite* in town building. The Bull Church, on the top of its minaret steeple, has a box with straw in which reside two storks, the Guardian Bird of Holland. The view in crossing of the Zaan, which cuts the town, is the image of a Chinese scene, with the curiously-shaped houses, and white and green summer pavilions encompassed by boxwood, and all flat and low.

I have alluded to the Dutch school of painting as one of the greatest boasts of the country, and such surely it is. The Italians laugh at the smoke and mist of Holland giving birth to rivals. The Dutch painters are, however, in their style perfection, but their style is admitted not the highest, "*les premiers de son genre, mais son genre n'est pas le premier.*"\* Perfect truth, elaborate finish, and excellence in the realms of humor, are theirs. At the head of them like a giant *thou* standest, thou glorious monarch of shadow, dark and stern Rembrandt Van Ryn. What deep, solemn poetry there is in his great, massive, magnificent portraits! what profundity of shadow, what magic touches hold us in delight before his historical pieces. Below him cluster hundreds in all the variety of sea scenes, rural scenes, comic pieces, and animals, and still life; in high history they fail. Take any of their cattle pieces, how sleepy, how sleek, how natural! any of their sea pieces, does not each sail, wave, cloud, defy criticism! Who that has ever seen one of Backhuysen's storms, or William Vanderveelde's magic calms, can forget? The rural scenes, how unpretending; the comic, how rich, how complete! Who can paint flowers like Van Haysum, or dead game like Weenix? who a waterfall like that most Idyllic of painters, Ruysdael, or a placid stream winding through a forest? These great names show that the Dutch have neglected neither branch of that old-fashioned compound, the "*utile et dulce.*"

J. B.

### Parisian Sketches.

DUFRESNY.

FROM THE FRENCH OF  
ARSÈNE HOUSSAYE.

[Continued from our last.]

DUFRESNY followed the king at the siege of Lille to the trench, and himself placed the helmet on his head and the cuirass on his back. After Lille was taken there was a splendid supper. Dufresny was summoned at the desert, and commanded to sing a hymn of victory. Dufresny, like a spirited fellow, understood song writing much better. Much they thought, too, at that time, of the siege of Lille; there had already been, since the action, too many bottles emptied and heads fuddled for that! Dufresny bowed gracefully to the king,

\* *Mad. De Stael.*



and sang his pretty harvest song, to an air composed by himself. Here is the first verse:—

" Dans la vigne à la Claudine  
Les vendangeurs y vont ;  
On voit bien à la mine  
Ceux qui vendangeront.  
Aux vendangeurs qui brillent,  
On y donne le pas ;  
Les autres y grappillent,  
Mais n'y vendangent pas."

There were plaudits for the song, the music, and the singer. More than one seignor, more than one hero of the previous day envied Dufresny's gay triumph, for at the trenches there was only the king to applaud deeds of valor, but at the supper, besides the king, there were fair dames who bestowed on the poet their sweetest glances. "Who is this pretty boy?" said one of these ladies to Vauban. "This pretty boy, Madame, is the king's fool," the grave soldier answered. Louis XIV. heard him, and condescended to turn towards Dufresny, and say, "Vauban has hit it, and always remember, Charlot, you are the king's fool. One fool is not too many among so many sages." Every one bowed except Vauban, who was already conquering Flanders in imagination.

The king returned to Paris, where fêtes and benedictions awaited him. The court passed the winter at St. Germain, in ceaselessly renewed pleasures. One evening, at the time of opening the theatre, the king, somewhat weary of music, dance, comedies, and mistresses, asked for Dufresny. He was everywhere hunted for; at last the king himself discovered him on the stage, playing a rascally valet in one of Molière's comedies, in capital style.

Dufresny returned to the seat of war at the end of March; he assisted at the conquest of Holland; crossed the Rhine in the king's suite without wetting his feet; and led the errant life of a soldier, without other arms than his gaiety and wit. Poet as he was, he faced danger well. At the passage of the Rhine, or rather after the passage, he received a sabre cut in the hand. When Boileau presented the *Passage of the Rhine* to the king, Dufresny was present in the hall of audience. After Boileau left he read this fine poetical fiction himself. "I can never return," said he, interrupting himself at the end of every verse; "does M. Despreaux imagine that we passed over the Inferno, or rather the Styx." "Be off," said the king with some pettishness, "it is only the poets who understand how to write the history of kings."

But Dufresny was not a poet born for a court. "Cultivating roses, marking out paths, planting hedges, is the same as writing sonnets, songs, and poems." He often said, "if a laborer writes in prose on the book of Nature, a gardener writes in verse." Our English gardens come to us, not from England, but from Dufresny. In architecture and landscape gardening he was an excellent master. In the eighteenth century, nothing was more common than to hear a picturesque garden or handsome country seat described as *à la Dufresny*. The most lovely solitudes in the neighborhood of Paris were planned or embellished after his recommendations. He insisted that Versailles should be made "un jardin capricieux." Louis XIV. ordered designs from Dufresny; the poet imagined magnificent gardens, in which all the promenaders would lose themselves. The Chinese never imagined anything so grandiose and poetically savage. The king, fearing to sink too much money by Dufresny's operations, shelved the plans but not their author, who was appointed inspector of gardens.

Dufresny was thirty years old when he married. Scarcely anything is known of his first wife, who, according to Voisenon, was a comfortably off *bourgeoise*, who captivated the poet by a large garden in the Faubourg St. Antoine. Thanks to his marriage, he had a garden to cultivate to his liking. "Well, my poor Charlot," the king said to him a month after the wedding, "what do you think of marriage?" "Alas! sire, this land of marriage is one which those foreign to it have a great desire to inhabit, whilst the natural inhabitants would gladly be exiled therefrom, or rather it is a community of goods in which there is nothing good in common at the end of eight days." "One thing will not be common in your mansion, that is money. During these past few years I have given you more than a hundred thousand crowns, you really throw money out of the windows." "It is gone before I have time to open the windows. It costs money, sire, to live at court." "You rascal, I should like to know how much you pay for bed and board here?" "Alas, sire, I dine out and sleep out so often." "Ah, ha, then, the secret is out, so—you stay at the palace when you can find nothing more amusing at Paris—you are an ingrate." "I am well aware of it, sire, so I entreat your Majesty to turn me out of doors. A poet ought to put some bounds to his horizon; and besides, thanks to my wife, I am not now in a good humor every day." "But who is there who will give me a good hearty laugh?" the king pensively interrupted. "Your reflection, sire, reminds me of a pleasant Arabian tale, which I will relate if you will permit me." "Let me hear it," said the king, "but make haste, for they are waiting for me."

#### THE CROWS.

The Caliph Haroun had two physicians, one for his body, the other for his mind; his mind was sick with sadness, so that the second physician was a philosopher, who passed all his time in endeavoring to enliven the caliph. One day while they were walking together in the palace gardens, the caliph exclaimed, "Oh Haroun, Haroun, you sadden your friends by your gloom as yonder bushy tree saddens, by its shade, the neighboring trees. I promise you a ring, turning to the philosopher, for every time that you make me laugh." The philosopher forthwith began to narrate comic and burlesque stories about widows, but he narrated in vain. He already despaired of himself as of the caliph, when a flock of crows alighted on the tree. "Yesterday," continued the philosopher, "these crows gave a great deal of trouble to a dreamy poet who, seeing this cloud of sad-colored birds blackening the flowers and fruits of such a beautiful tree, forgot that its trunk was as thick as a tower, and in the impulse of the moment began shaking as if it was a sapling. The account which I have given you of it is not laughable, but on seeing the thing myself I could not help laughing."—"If I had seen it I think that I should have laughed as you did," said the caliph.—"Well," answered the philosopher, with a triumphant air, "you ought to laugh too, in seeing me all in a passion with trying by shakings of pleasantries to chase away these black crows, that is to say, these cares and sorrows from your brain."—"You have won the ring, there it is," cried the caliph.

"And I, Sire," said Dufresny, after a pause, "have I gained a congé?"—"Yes," answered the king, sadly, "be off, but when you have no money left, remember me. I hope in that way to see you often. Adieu, I love you in spite of your vices. It is superfluous to say

that you are a charming poet, the other poets are mere pedants, except Molière, who is almost as good as you are. Adieu, my brave Charlot; I am very sorry I have nothing to give you to-day, for you have told me a very beautiful story—the bushy tree on which the black crows alighted, alas! is the king. Let us see what can I give you?"—"Ah, sire, is it not enough for to-day to have given me the key of the fields?" Thereupon Dufresny bowed, kissed the king's hand, and left without delay. Did this philosophic dreamer, who for the sake of liberty turned his back with such good will to the silk and gold, the fêtes and pleasures of the most splendid court in the world, did he make Louis XIV. think? Did he not envy a little that humble poet who had not a crown of care and inquietude eternally pressing his brow?

Once installed in his wife's house, Dufresny quickly commenced ruining himself by his seigniorial prodigalities. He lost no time in the work. He commenced with masons and gardeners; he built a mansion, or rather a palace; he realized the enchanting gardens of his dreams, after which he gave splendid suppers to which the fashionable, but especially the theatrical world, was invited. Visé reports that he met one evening more than fifty actresses at Dufresny's supper. His wife, who had no taste for these prodigalities, in vain endeavored to hold on to her money with both hands, but she at last revenged herself on Dufresny's follies in a manner usual with dames of those days.

She died, it is not known how. Her husband's sorrow exhaled in a bacchanalian song. A notary came to make an inventory. "There is nothing for you to do here," said Dufresny to him. "But, Monsieur, at the dissolution of the joint possession of the property which"—"Say rather of misfortune—that affair produced nothing unless it was debt,—is it worth while to inventory my debts?" "But, monsieur, your two children?" "That concerns Heaven—their grandmother, who has got nothing to do, has promised me to educate them." "But, after all, monsieur, the law has its claims—a small inventory." Dufresny seized his hat, took to his heels, and never reappeared in the house.

He went the same day to Germain, and succeeded in seeing the king. "Well, Dufresny, how do your gardens flourish?" "Ah, sire, their paths are not always strewn with roses—I have counted my chickens before they were hatched. My wife is dead; I have abandoned my house to the notary; I have nothing left, not even my gaiety. But the thing which makes me saddest is that I just now spoke harshly to a beggar, who asked alms at the entrance to the palace." "Come," said Louis XIV., "you have hit on some drollery." Dufresny put his hand to his forehead in the style of a man trying to recollect himself. "The poor devil," he continued, "followed me and said, '*Poverty is not a crime.*' It is much worse, I answered him." "I am always sorry for your misfortunes, you prodigal fellow," said the king. "Come, speak." "I only ask your majesty a small corner of ground at the end of the lawn at Vincennes; it has capabilities for a magnificent garden, in my style." "A garden? you are a fool. Do you want it to display your poverty?" "I shall never be poor while I have a garden; it is my throne, sire. I find there the green vine tendrils or the roses for my crown." "Be it as you will," said the king, "come back the day after to-morrow and we shall have the papers signed."

Dufresny went to sleep where he could. The next day he presented himself to Regnard, who had made one at his suppers. Regnard thought of repairing the breaches in his fortune by means of the stage; he confided his plan to Dufresny, who wished to take an even share in the venture. But the day after, our poet having received from Louis XIV. a purse containing a hundred louis, the grant of half an acre of the lawn at Vincennes, and the privilege of a looking-glass manufactory, he abandoned the theatre till further orders from his evil fortunes. As it was in spring, he hastened to sow his hundred louis in his garden. From such good seeds he harvested a few puffs of scented breeze.

Winter having arrived, it was time to call on his friend Regnard. The monopoly of the new manufacture of mirrors was nothing less than a fortune for life, but it was slow in coming, as the early disbursements exceeded the receipts. Dufresny went to the contractors, spoke to them about his disgust for business affairs, and offered them his privilege for 12,000 livres, that is to say about enough to support him during the winter according to his mode of life. The privilege was worth 100,000 livres, so the contractors quickly offered him 6000. For a poet who lives from day to day like a careless grasshopper, a little ready money is a fortune. Dufresny signed a transfer. The same day he met Regnard. "Well," said the traveller to him, "I have not seen you for a long time, where have you been? All Paris has been calling for you." "I have been living at my garden all summer, with my roses and marjoram, my grapes and gooseberries."—"And our comedies?"—"I have not thought about them; but I have imagined verdant belvederes which are real terrestrial paradises."—"Well, thank Heaven, winter has come, with his powdered wig; gardens are no longer in season, and willing or not, you must compose some comedies with me for the Théâtre Italien."—"As you please; I am on my way to pay a rogue at Vincennes, who has lodged me tolerably well during the summer. After my return, I will put my wits at your disposal."—"So you pay your debts?"—"The small ones only; as for the great ones I content myself with paying the interest to the poor."

The same evening Dufresny took apartments near Regnard's. They were two gay philosophers, lovingly receiving the happy hours as they came from the hand of Heaven, careless of the future as of the past, squeezing the present with all their strength, seizing with ardor all the pleasures of the passing day; the rays of sunlight, the mouldy flask, the gaiety of friends, the song at supper; those who chose like Regnard and Dufresny may find a thousand pleasures in the compass of a day. Our two philosophers had studied the world well; one in adventurous travel, the other at the court; they had sounded all the weaknesses of the heart, all the absurdities of intellect to their very depths. Regnard, who had stood the brunt of adversity, had the hardest mind. Dufresny, more dazzled by the splendor of the world, had more fire of intellect; the first designed noble outlines like a cadet of Molière, the second added a thousand brilliant ornaments to the sketch. "Regnard is a laborer, I am only a gardener," said Dufresny. It was a simile as true as it was ingenious. He made his *début* with Regnard in "The Chinese." After breakfast Regnard took his pen and traced the path; Dufresny was good only for his sallies of broad humor. Each one brought him but one pistole. Louis XIV.

paid better, but then Louis XIV. did not always take the joke. These double comedies were soon produced by the Italian buffoons with side-splitting success. The two poets afterwards composed, always working after breakfast and in the same style, *The Fair of St. Germain*, and *The Mummies of Egypt*. Regnard finished by paying Dufresny in cash (ready money for ready jokes). This mode of payment sharpened Dufresny's intellect; in our days we have Dufresnys by the dozen, minus the wit.

The poet, at last finding that Regnard was enriching himself while he was exhausting his resources, returned to his gardens. The swallows had returned, and he again cultivated his roses without troubling himself about harvest time. This season his garden at Vincennes was a miniature chef d'œuvre of art and nature; but one evening whilst he was revelling in the intoxicating perfume of his flowers, he remembered that he had not the wherewithal to pay for his supper. At that moment a large stone of the great wall of the park which was partly in ruins fell at his feet. "Well," said he, "if that stone had fallen on the other side it would have crushed some passer-by;" and in his zeal for humanity he summoned a laborer and ordered him to tear down the broken wall forthwith. In a few days he sold twenty cart loads of handsome stone to his neighbors. If he had been left alone he would have torn down all the walls of the park, but the Governor, being at last advised of the proceeding, begged him to set some limits to his zeal for humanity.

I have forgotten to tell you that Dufresny had among his bad passions, a passion for gambling. He found in his head one morning when he least expected it, a veritable comedy, almost self-made, thanks to his recollection of some scenes in which he had been an actor. Although he owed Regnard a grudge he went in his first glow of enthusiasm and recited his comedy to him, scene by scene, and word for word. Regnard pretended that he did not understand it, and begged his old friend to write out the piece and intrust him with the manuscript; Dufresny did so. Regnard promised to point out its faults, though he had a great many other things to attend to, he said. For six months he kept Dufresny dancing attendance, answering the poor poet's complaints now and then by a good supper. At last Regnard returned the MS., decorated with a great number of crosses. "So you take my comedy for a cemetery," said Dufresny. He set to work again; this time he was enthusiastic about his work; but alas! his fatal hour had struck—his good star had faded! It was of no use, fortune is fickle, he had wearied her too long, she had fled for ever, leaving but a cloud of golden dust in her course; it was in vain that he pursued her with his cries and tears, misfortune alone responded to them; it was in vain that he stretched out his failing hand towards her with repentance; a dry and icy hand comes to lean upon his, the hand of misery. He offered "*Le Chevalier joueur*" to the Comédie Française, it was put in rehearsal the same day. That night the poet could not sleep; happiest hopes fluttered over his humble lodging-house bed; he saw not, like many others, castles in the air, but his gardens, the oases of his life, again in bloom. But a few days after the leaves dropped from all his roses. Passing by the Comédie Française, about eight o'clock one evening, he met Gacon, who asked him if he had come to see *Le Joueur* of Regnard? "*Le Joueur* of Regnard!" exclaimed Dufresny.

"Yes," returned Gacon, "they are just commencing it." A flash of light passed through Dufresny's mind, he entered the theatre with indignation, he looked on at the most lamentable of spectacles, he saw *Le Joueur* which he had created represented, everybody applauded, the name of the author was saluted with enthusiasm, but the name was that of Regnard. "After all," said poor Dufresny when his choler was a little appeased, "ideas are the property of the whole world; Regnard has followed Molière, who took as he could find; I wrote my piece as fast as the pen could move, he has turned my prose into verse, thus is a masterpiece fabricated."

This adventure caused scandal. Dufresny openly accused Regnard. The comedians, in order to keep Parisian curiosity in suspense, announced that they would shortly produce *Le Joueur* of Dufresny. At the end of two months they played it. Regnard is accused of theft in the prologue, but that did not prevent the fall of the piece. Seeing this, the spectators said that Regnard was in the right; and he, to overwhelm the luckless Dufresny, rewrote his prologue, in which his old friend figured as an unbounded plagiarist. Among the thousand epigrams launched against the two poets, that of Gacon's was especially commended. This sharpener of epigrams said that Dufresny and Regnard invented *Le Joueur* between them, so that

Chacun vola son compagnon,  
Mais que Regnard eut l'avantage  
D'avoir été le bon larron.

At first Dufresny was the most blamed, but by degrees the truth was acknowledged by all fair-minded men. "Dufresny must be believed;" a critic has said, "if he had been a plagiarist he would not have dared to produce his comedy in a theatre where the plaudits bestowed on that of Regnard still resounded, his comedy heralded by a thousand unfavorable prepossessions, and deprived of the brilliant prestige of versification, with which his rival's was embellished; but Dufresny, the true father of '*Le Joueur*,' enamored with the form which his piece had received from his hands at its creation, exasperated against his faithless friend, trusting more to his just rights than was proper in a cause where entertainment was the judge, Dufresny acted as he did, with all the imprudence and ill-fortune of sincerity." The best reason in favor of Dufresny is, that Regnard had bought from him for a hundred crowns that pleasant comedy, "*Attendez-moi sous l'orme*." But in this case it was a regular bargain; Dufresny had no more idea of reclaiming it than if he had sold an old coat.

(To be continued.)

## Reviews.

### THE CANTON CHINESE.

*The Canton Chinese; or the American's Sojourn in the Celestial Empire.* By Osmond Tiffany, Jr. Boston and Cambridge: Munroe & Co.

THE object of this book is to put the untraveled American in communication with what he would see and hear in a two months' visit to one of the large American mercantile houses at Canton. And limited as this sphere of observation would seem thus briefly expressed, it actually includes a large part of the life of the Chinese nation, if the traveller avails himself to the utmost of his opportunities. The manners and customs of the Middle Kingdom are stereotype; the same patterns are constantly



recurring as in their dishes, which gives Mr. Tiffany an opportunity to say as much of them from his personal survey in a short time and small circuit as many book compilers have gathered in their much larger volumes. It has this advantage, too, that what is new is seen clearly and distinctly with the force of a first impression. When a man sits down to write a book on a comprehensive scale he is apt to lose a great many important particulars in the process. They do not suit his generalization or fit his chapters. But here we have the whole huddled upon us as on an actual inspection. We feel the wondrous multitudinous life on the river with the zest of a sailor released from a four months' voyage; look eagerly about us in China street among the shops; eat, drink, and perspire, and are as familiar with the American flag-staff as if it were planted in our own garden.

Mr. Tiffany, who conveys to us in his book all these novel sensations, has very little of the tricks of the professed author, for which his account is all the better. A score or two years hence, when the great American Western highway on the Pacific is extended to the Celestials, and Jonathan has grown familiar with the natives on the spot, other talents of composition will be more in demand. Philology will be called for, religious and philological speculation. It will become necessary that the natives shall not merely be described, but be quizzed and caricatured for the jaded palates of exhausted readers. In fine, travellers will have to treat the Chinese as they do the French, serve them up with the seasoning of a made dish.

Our author daguerreotypes them. Of their confused and uninteresting history he says nothing; of their systems, of their religion nothing; scarcely a word of the Missionaries, whose exertions he thinks little of. But he has expended care and thought enough upon the Chinese themselves to think well of them, and has certainly, without any pretension, communicated by his book the pleasure which he feels to his readers.

We may dip at random into his chapters as one wanders through Dr. Peters's Chinese Museum, now pausing at a fan, anon admiring a concentric ball, peeping in upon a lady at breakfast, superintending a bastinado, or sitting in state as a Mandarin.

If you are boating on the river at London you take a wherry, at New York a "White-haller," at Venice a gondola, at Canton a Sampan. What is a sampan? Mr. Tiffany will tell you.

#### THE SAMPAN AND ITS MISTRESS.

"At all points along the banks the ready sampans wait obedient to the nod of the passenger, and as this class of boats forms no small portion of the floating throng, it may not be amiss to devote a paragraph to their exclusive commendation. Go to the bottom of the American garden, and at the foot of those granite steps placed with plumb-line accuracy by some zealous fellow-countryman, you will find several young women squatting down leisurely, but ready to be brisk enough on the first call for a sampan. I have likened these boats to a child's cradle, and under the wicker roof stands the female at the scull, to whirl her boat wherever you may bid. The sampan owner does not worry and spoil her temper, because she has not a very extensive wardrobe. She wears neither shoes, stockings, nor gloves, and yet a more cheerful being is seldom found. Her garments consist of the universal shirt and wide pantaloons of blue cotton. Her hair is the only part that seems to demand much attention; but the arrangement of that is somewhat complicated. A false piece is set into the back of the head, and confined to its place by

one or two brilliant glass fastenings. The front hair is combed back like that of the Bourbon court beauties.

"The narrow boat is her home. She is aroused early, for life on the river begins at the dawn of day. She is not anxious to select a becoming morning wrapper for breakfast; but forthwith scours out her sleeping and dressing room, her parlor, her dining room, her library, kitchen and church all in one; lights a joss-stick and fixes it into a crevice of the boat, that its smoke may show her gratitude to some deity; and then prepares her simple bowl of rice. Food enough to suffice for her daily wants, and a little patent chafing dish with oil to heat it, are kept in a small locker in the boat. She has a good appetite, managing her chopsticks with great diligence, and sipping her cheap souchong with as much pleasure as if presiding at a magnificent teaboard; and then is ready for the daily toil.

"Perhaps, if she has a few moments still to spare, she industriously mends a hole in one of her garments, or polishes a glass bangle; for the poorest of the Chinese are not at all insensible to ornament. Perhaps she rubs bright and clear the glass that covers the little pictures given to her by some enthusiastic European; but all the while keeping a sharp eye to windward, to miss no passenger. When one comes along, she grasps the handle of her scull with one hand, beckons with the other, and screams out lustily in mingled Chinese and English that hers is the only safe and swift boat on the river, and that all the others are 'no good.' If the individual is secured, she soon proves how valuable she can be. She makes the big scull grate rapidly on its fulcrum, whirls the boat about as if it were spinning on a pivot, and working

Backwards and forwards half her length  
With a short, uneasy motion,

sends the sampan through the water with the ease of a shark skimming the seas in search of his prey. Thus at all hours of the day is she ready to pull for your gratification, always cheerful, busy, and contented, thankful for a trifle of compensation."

Once on shore you are in a perpetually new Museum, till use acclimates the eye to the novelties around. To glance at a sight here and there. All travellers tell good stories of the jugglers. Here is a new variety of

#### THE CARD TRICK.

"One old man in China street was always surrounded. He had a little table with a cage containing two canaries, and also a pack of cards. He would cover the cage completely, allow a bystander to choose any card, and then shuffle it with the pack so adroitly that it was impossible to follow. He would then open the cage, the little bird would hop out and select the card at once, never failing to pull the right one. I never could detect the slightest collusion between the bird and the man, who was one of those minor jugglers so frequently seen in Chinese cities and villages."

An in-door view of a breakfast offers a satisfactory solution of the mystery of chopsticks.

#### CHOPSTICKS IN USE.

"Let us enter New China street at about ten o'clock, the time of Chinese breakfast, though they rise and work for hours before. We pause in front of Chongshing's variety store, and observe that the shop-doors are put to, indicating that business must yield to the pleasure of eating, and that the inmates have not the slightest idea of being disturbed at their meals. But for once, we will violate the rules of etiquette and go in. Chongshing and his sons are about sitting down to a circular table, and do not seem disposed to pay us much attention. We hear a sound of something hissing, and presently a servant from the back room brings in half a dozen or more bowls filled with hot boiled rice, or fish prepared in some simple way, or vegetables; tea is served in little cups; the chopsticks are pulled from their cases; and the battle begins. Chopsticks to a European are one of the seventy times seven wonders of the world. They are from

six to eight inches in length, perfectly round and smooth, and about the size of ryestraws. Held between the thumb and two forefingers, they would seem, at first sight, about as useless as knitting needles, but one no longer doubts their efficiency, when he sees the prodigies of devastation performed by their aid. So dexterous is the Chinaman, that he can pick up a grain of rice between their rounded ends as easily as it can be lifted on a knife blade; but he does not usually stop to eat in such delicate, lady-like style. Chongshing and party wash down their meal by such unnumbered cups of tea, that Johnson himself would be put in the shade. They drank it without sugar or cream; they would spoil its flavor.

"Now the breakfast is almost over, each has seized his last bowl of rice, and this is the moment for the painter. Each bowl is elevated to the mouth, each head thrown back, each tail hangs straight down, and into the distended jaws the nimble chopsticks shovel the rice in the most marvellous manner. Then, as the bowls are emptied, above each mouth appears a little hill of the white vegetable, a gurgling sound is heard, and the rice hills sink out of sight as if swallowed by a quicksand. After this feat the party come to, and setting down the bowls look into them once more, sigh profoundly, and all at once become aware of our presence, jumping up from the table, ask if we too have had breakfast, and being wide awake to chaffer on every article."

Every one has wondered at the fineness of faculty displayed by the Chinese in their ivory carvings, the process of which is said to be kept quite secret. They are adroit finical people of a nice touch, to whose ingenuity there is no end. Their trick of mending broken china is a juggler's operation in itself. They rivet it together on one side; a tap or two of the hammer and the thing is done. They will mend broken watch crystals. You may look at the gentleman whose ear is cultivated to the clink of a genuine dollar. He will sift the counterfeits out of a hundred thousand before you can say Jack Robinson.

Their joss-stick system of worship is rude, but may be looked at poetically. It thus struck our traveller.

#### JOSS STICKS.

"The most ordinary joss sticks are about as large as macaroni stems; they are made of sawdust and a kind of gum mixed together, and run in moulds.

"Some are perfumed and colored, and their various sizes are suited to different tastes. They burn slowly, like pastiles, being ignited at one end, and continue lighted down to the last shred of sawdust. They are manufactured so cheaply, that a handful may be had without asking, and a heavy load for a few cents, yet so vast is the consumption, that millions upon millions of dollars are expended annually for their purchase. Throughout the length and breadth of the vast empire; through cities and villages; in enormous temples, and solitary roadside shrines; in districts where the eye can reach over leagues of green culture, and on barren crags by the salt sea; in the labyrinthine palace of the monarch, and in the hut of the beggar; in the tenements of the living, and by the tombs of the dead, appear the silent but everlasting signs of adoration."

There is great respect for parents, a departure from which is enforced by curious punishments; but there are fast boys in China. One with whom our author became acquainted, and upon whom he expended his jokes in vain, would be worthy of New England.

#### A CHINESE BOY.

"The Chinese boys seem to think that they will have time to amuse themselves in the future, so the sooner they are men the better. One little boy of my acquaintance was quite remarkable for his matter-of-fact views; he had a little shop in China

street, and I never saw any one else in it. He employed himself in making paper blank books, and ruling them very neatly for the foreign merchants. He also made envelopes of approved form, and frequently came to the hong for orders. It was never necessary to tell him more than once, he recollected perfectly, and sometimes suggested plans of improvement with the gravity of a senator. Once having his orders, he could not be prevailed upon to remain and enter into friendly conversation, and though I several times uttered, as I thought, very good things, the little boy's stoical composure was not ruffled by a smile."

Our juvenile readers will be pleased to learn how thoroughly the Chinese appreciate the use of a pack of crackers.

#### "CRACKERS" IN CHINA.

"There are also out-of-door amusements, such as flying kites, kicking shuttlecocks, &c., in which all classes occasionally participate, and if firing crackers, which is so common, be also styled a recreation, it is one that lasts all the year round, and not neglected by a human being in the empire.

"There is no moment, probably, in the round of the twenty-four hours, in which thousands of crackers are not exploded in some part of the country. As the flag of England is never furled, so with as much truth may it be asserted, that the Chinese crackers are never silent.

"No one takes the trouble to light one at a time; a pack entire is always fired, and one to five hundred burned whenever a building is finished, as a sort of dedication, or when there is the least call for any expression of joy or content.

"They are extremely cheap; they retail for about two cents a pack, and in large quantities can be had at some reduction."

The Chapter on "European Life in China" is an interesting account of what clerks and factors will meet with in that region. The Life of the Clerk is a thing apart by itself.

#### COUNTING HOUSE LIFE.

"The clerk's life is very different from that of the visitor; he has no time to run about the shops and stare at curiosities, but he betakes himself to the counting rooms, and diminishes pens all day long. The immense amount of work performed in one of the large Canton houses is indescribable, and the clerks are occupied on an average of from twelve to fifteen hours a day. They seldom quit the desks before midnight, being all the time occupied in the various processes of receiving and dispatching cargoes, of making out sales and interest calculations, copying letters, filing away papers, and the perpetual round of business employments.

"This of course is during the most busy season, when ships are pouring in, each one requiring several hundred thousand dollars' worth of care. One of the head clerks of an American factory, to whom I was speaking of my wandering about the city, told me he had not been in China street (only about fifty yards off), for nine years. Absurd as such a statement may seem, it was nevertheless true, for his work, he being book-keeper, kept him busy from seven in the morning to somewhere about the small hours. His labor was never varied, except by his meals, a hurried trot around the square, and an occasional pull on the river, and a summer trip to Macao. One of the pleasures of the counting-room is smoking; the clouds of vapor that float around one, put him in mind of the German merchants and meerschauts. Instead of fragrant Havanas, the Manilla cheroots are smoked in China, and there is as great choice in them as in the darlings of Cuba. They are cut square at both ends, draw freely, and the best have no infusion of opium, as is generally believed in this country.

"The second delight of the morning is the lunch about twelve o'clock; some of the delicious bread, a few plantains, and a bottle of the capital Calcutta beer, form the entertainment.

"The Chinese boy answers the call without a bell, and draws the cork of the bottle, which pops

as clearly as Burton ale, and the generous liquor exhilarates without stupefying.

"Some idea of the magnitude of the establishments in Canton may be formed from the fact, that shortly before my arrival, one house had purchased for its own consumption, two hundred dozen of this India ale, which supply was utterly exhausted in about three months.

"But dinner is the great event of the day, and very pleasant always. It is an agreeable custom in Canton for partners and clerks to have their meals together, thus producing a confidence and a respectful familiarity between all parties. At dinner, especially, reserve seems to be thrown off, and the assemblage is like a large social dinner party between relatives, without restraint of an embarrassing nature. The dinner hour is three or four in the afternoon, and the usual number of fifteen or twenty persons is often enlarged without notice, by the arrival of half a dozen ship captains, and occasionally a stray lady. Up to the period of the Chinese war, foreign women were not allowed to go to Canton, but the restriction has since been removed, and a few, prompted by a curiosity which can scarcely be gratified, find their way there.

"There is delicious mutton brought down from the mountains, like the Southdown of England in flavor and tenderness, and game in the greatest abundance, and of the finest quality.

"Teal or wild ducks of several varieties, and little pets, like the reed birds of the middle states, that can be devoured flesh and bones, are plenty as blackberries, and found in millions about the Bogue, frequenting the lonely islands at the mouth of the river. The sportsmen are almost exclusively Chinese, from the want of accommodation and the difficulty attending the visit of the foreigner. Very few Europeans are successful; the birds do not seem to care much for the double-barrelled gun of barbarian manufacture, and only come down in numbers at the request of a native.

"You will often see a ragged hunter enter the hong with his enormous gun, twelve or fifteen feet long, over his shoulder, balanced by the bunch of birds that he offers to the compradore in exchange for chop dollars. The gun is a genuine curiosity, worthy of a place in a museum of artillery. It is shaped something like a musket, but distinguished by its immense length and its old-fashioned constructed fire-lock. The birds are knocked down with iron shot, and the tattered sportsman places the breech to his side instead of his shoulder. How he takes aim is a mystery, but he very seldom misses.

"While the fruits are being discussed, and the wine is passing around the table, a little tray, shaped like a dragon boat, with wire seats, and a lighted joss-stick lying at full length upon them, is placed on the board, and presently flies up and down the mahogany, as the gentlemen select their cheroots, and darken the air with rolling clouds of smoke. Then each one making himself as comfortable as the thermometer at 95° will permit him to be, indulges in a luxurious whiff, fanned all the while by the swinging punka.

"This is an immense fan suspended by the two ends to the ceiling, and kept in motion by means of a rope alternately pulled and slackened by a machine in shape of a cooley, who stands outside of the dining room, and who never thinks of stopping until he is told to, should the dinner continue six hours. A cooley is so accustomed to obey, that he seldom has the wit to form and carry out an idea, and should he leave off jerking the rope, he would be sharply reprimanded by the boys, and annihilated by the compradore."

The reader will find these readable passages an index to the rest of the volume, and if he is not so fortunate as to possess among his friends a China merchant, he may gather the usual entertaining items of his personal observation, in the substitute for his conversation in Mr. Tiffany's pleasant book.

#### SKETCHES OF THE FRENCH ASSEMBLY.

*History of the National Constituent Assembly, from May, 1848. By J. F. Corkran, Esq. Harper & Brothers, 1849.*

MR. CORKRAN, as we learn from the English journals, is the Paris Correspondent of one of the London morning papers, probably, judging from his tone and temper, the Morning Post. He does not take the broad and comprehensive view; he has not the candor which we look for, if we do not always find it, in the Times. His politics are not those of the News. His chapters have not the authority or matter of a leading article; they are something beyond mere reports. In short, Mr. Corkran is rather a potterer over the business he has taken in hand. To call his book a history is to deceive the public. It is a collection of sketches from the reporter's gallery, in that amplified style of fine writing which has latterly prevailed in this department. We have had numerous examples of it from Washington, D. C., any time during a session of Congress. But, notwithstanding the species of low rhetoric in which many of these sketches are given, they form, to our mind, by far the most readable portions of the book. It is too early to read the history of the Assembly. Let the newspapers first die and be forgotten, with their budget of unverified facts and hasty reflections, previous to the juster method, the clear order, the tried integrity, the philosophical view (better from a distance) of the historian. But we are always interested in personal traits of eminent men, and it is not uninteresting to watch their countenances as they are seen across the reporter's note book.

We glean a few of these portraits of men whose names will keep better than the average of those bubbles of the Revolution thrown to the surface and plentifully sprinkled over the volume.

Here is Béranger in his brief representative career; we hardly knew that he had taken his seat at all. His letter, deprecating an election, to the electors who would elect him, was a memorable piece of self-knowledge and self-respect at a time when everybody was ready to assume and do everything. Its modest, practical good sense was a lighted torch, which revealed for an instant the surrounding impudence and folly.

#### A GLIMPSE OF BÉRANGER.

"The President announced that he had received a letter from the citizen Béranger, which he had no doubt would afflict them. He resigned his seat, on the ground that neither his meditations nor his studies had fitted him for the part of representative. The Assembly refused to accept the poet's resignation, which, however, even such a mark of esteem could not induce him to withdraw. Some thought that the privileged old man had been coquetting; yet, to those who had watched him, his resolution was evidently sincere. Béranger was not in his place in such a crowd: as he said himself, he was never at home except when chatting with a few friends. There was something exceedingly winning in the aspect of Béranger. He dresses in a plain, homely fashion. His head was a fine bald one. His eyes (and it was a pity) were hidden by large green goggles, from under which peeped a glowing, funny little nose, that well became a smiling, gracious mouth, beaming with kindness and pleasant humor. Why should a mouth, overflowing with mellifluous good things, turn, after half a century of song, to political haranguing? It would not do, and Béranger felt it would not do; and he wisely took himself to his own little snug temple, identified with fancies, and dreams, and visitings from



creatures very shy and reserved in their favors. Yet how the old man was sought after and listened to, and how restlessly he would turn on his seat, and quit it, to seek Lamennais or some other old friend, with whom to whisper in a corner, until at length he slipped away, and would not return!"

American readers will always stop at the name of

## DE TOCQUEVILLE.

"M. de Tocqueville must have been a very young man when he produced that work on Democracy in America, which raised him at once to eminence as a politician and philosopher. He looks a young man still; and as he sits buried in thought, the eye of the spectator cannot fail to settle upon him with inquiry. A Socialist member, M. Mathieu, raised directly the question of *droit au travail*; and, in replying to him, M. de Tocqueville entered at once on the question of Socialism. The mind of this gentleman is of an eminently reflective character. It repels no fact. It passes by no circumstance as unworthy of attention. There is rather the contrary tendency to admit nothing to be ephemeral, fleeting, local, or accidental. Each fact is regarded as in itself a phenomenon—a witness of a state of things the meaning of which is to be sought, or prophetic of something coming, for which man ought to be prepared."

"M. de Tocqueville's manner at the tribune is not affected. It is that of an essayist who reads and who comments rather than that of an orator who captivates, fires, moves, convinces, and subdues. Yet the prestige acquired by works so thoughtful and profound, by a young man in an age so flippant and changing, secures for M. de Tocqueville the most earnest and sustained attention from any audience, no matter how composed, which contains persons capable of respecting the claims of a true philosopher."

There is not much told in this wordy paraphrase, but that is characteristic of a certain school of newspaper profundity, and we are used to it.

We are again attracted by a reference to the present

## NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

"In the course of this day, May 12, the Assembly was startled by the appearance at the tribune of Citizen Napoleon Bonaparte, son of Jerome, the Ex-King of Westphalia. The resemblance to his great uncle is truly remarkable. He has the same classicality of head and features, the same deep olive complexion—it was the very head that is seen on the Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile, and cast, as it were, in living bronze. Had Louis Napoleon such a head, his popularity would have been hero-worship. As you examine the countenance the impression is weakened, and the more weakened as you watch the man moving about. He is young, but not slight, as his uncle was at the same age; his look indicates quickness and wit, rather than profound talent. He seems clever, but of no high order of cleverness. Were it not for the likeness to the Napoleon, he would pass for a fashionable young gentleman, neither better nor worse than most fashionable young gentlemen are. As he walks along the passage on the height of the right, presenting only his profile and shoulders between the back bench and wall, the moving bust might be taken for a spectral appearance of the emperor."

Here is, with a somewhat strong infusion of the "reporter,"

## VICTOR HUGO.

"M. Victor Hugo is a born actor. His writings have the florid varnish of an acted style. The high gifts with which he has been endowed by Providence, have been perverted into a sleight of hand dealing with language. Where he might have soared, he has stooped to pick up odd dis-

veries, and make the queerest contrasts. His mind has become a kaleidoscope, and his tongue can only utter puerile conceits. He believes that he has discovered the antithesis, or that at least he has revealed its power, and he thinks, speaks, and acts, by a sort of double key—a new-found harmony created from a forced consonance of things, the highest with things the most mean. He swoops from an Alpine altitude to pick up a bauble; and although he may display agility, he is no longer the eagle looking unblenchingly at the sun. In the Chamber of Peers, the Vicomte Victor Hugo acted with an overstrained, deferential courtesy. In the Assembly he tried to put on the air of a great champion, at one moment of the Republic, at another of endangered society. His large, prominent, fair, and remarkable brow, would seem charged with frowns; his voice would issue like avenging thunder, and his gestures perform their fitting accompaniments of extravagance. Yet he failed. With a good appearance, good voice, commanding action, and high fame, Victor Hugo utterly failed. More than once has he been driven from the tribune by clamorous impatience. Why? Because he is an actor; because he is artificial, vain, and inconstant; because he thinks more of himself than of his cause; because he is not animated by a lofty, self-sacrificing sincerity."

The melodramatic introduction of "Lagrange of Lyons" is perhaps as good a point as Mr. Corkran makes, in his way.

## LAGRANGE OF LYONS.

"Who is Lagrange of Lyons? On the night of the 23d February, a man stole along under the shadow of the low wall, formed by the elevated trottoirs, which at a few feet distance from the houses on the north side of the Boulevard des Capucines, makes the sunken, narrow street called the Rue Basse du Rampart. It was about ten o'clock—six hours previously the call for reform had been granted, the people were joyful, but it was judged necessary to keep guard over the Hotels of Ministers. A line of soldiers was drawn across the Boulevard des Capucines, a little above the Hotel of the Minister for Foreign Affairs, to prevent crowds assembling on that point. A picket of cavalry mounted guard behind. A mob of persons preceded by boys carrying torches attempted to force their way through the line of soldiers. The officer on duty was remonstrating, in the expectation of turning them aside, as he had turned other mobs of the same kind. While the parley was proceeding, a pistol shot was fired from the Rue Basse, a soldier was wounded, the line retaliated—the dragoons galloped up, making a semicircle of fire with their carbines, and the National put into print that fifty-two persons fell killed and wounded. With a promptitude that betrayed the plot, several tumbrils advanced; the dying and wounded were put into them. The gloomy procession advanced to the National office: the glad tidings were sped through the markets and faubourgs, and the Republic was raised in the dark conspiracy of which Lagrange of Lyons was the instrument."

"The people of the faubourgs of Paris subsequently elected this man to a seat in the National Assembly; and his first essay is to render impossible, by his support, the humane proposition of Destutt de Tracy for the abolition of Capital Punishment. Yet it would be unjust to this Guy Fawkes to confound him with the vulgar assassin. He is a political fanatic, as Jacques Clement was. Only he would feel humiliated to be put in the same category; because Clement was a Jesuit, and he has no belief except in human perfectibility after some strange type, dimly pictured in the chaos of a disordered imagination. He was, in this wicked business, the dupe and tool of others, who had neither his fanaticism nor his daring, such as it was. Whenever M. Lagrange mounted the tribune, an eye accustomed to watch the physiognomy of the Assembly might perceive an air of sadness to steal over the right benches. Proud-hon excited curiosity, Læroux impatience, La-

grange a shudder and a horror. The man has no power of utterance, nor is he dogmatic, or paradoxical, or offensive; but he is associated with great ruin; he fired the train that shook all Europe, and spread devastation and massacre through the principal capitals and provinces of the continent. He knew not the sum of mischief he was perpetrating. What imagination could conceive it, and the mind retain its sanity? Lagrange has the look of a half insane man. At one time he may have passed for handsome. His features are spirited and striking, and are set off by an abundance of hair that was once coal-black; but the eternal scowl which sits on the man's visage, and which is rather affected than natural, his fantastic attitudes, and foppish dress, combine to give him the air of a stage bravo, hired to stand at the corner of a scene with folded arms, looking daggers, and say nothing. To him might Macbeth truly address the speech that 'his spirit shone through him.' Like that spiteful, merciless, but great man, Cardinal Richelieu, the ultra-revolutionist Lagrange is said to waste away his leisure hours in the company of cats. While sitting in the Assembly he sucks unceasingly a camphorated quill, and varies his attitudes *ad infinitum*. We wish we could find even more details about this person; for nothing is immaterial concerning the man, who, on the night of the 23d of February, caused the blood to flow in which a humane king, to use a phrase of Chateaubriand, 'slipped and fell,' and left to Pope, Emperor, Kings, and Potentates, to desolate cities, countries, and provinces, many a day of shame and misery. He is a lion at Socialist banquets, and the recognised organ of the friends of the transported insurgents of June. He has proved unremitting in his efforts to attain a general amnesty; but when he wrings his hand, and weeps, and prays for mercy, the night of the 23d February, like 'the widow's curse,' in the energetic language of Massinger, 'hangs on his arm.'"

## THE PENANCE OF ROLAND.

*The Penance of Roland, a Romance of the Peine Forte et Dure; and other Poems.*  
By Henry B. Hirst, author of *Endymion*, &c. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields.

THE *Peine Forte et Dure* was one of those pleasant inventions of the English law, in the good old times which people are accustomed to speak of as the era of good fellowship, honest heartiness, and liberal enjoyment. It is well known that to get along with the criminal proceeding on an arraignment it is highly desirable that the accused party should plead; in other words, give a decided answer to the conclusive question, guilty or not guilty. The law, conscious of its resources, might be quite indifferent as to which side he took; but unless he took one or the other, there was a manifest stay of proceedings. To overcome any reluctance of this nature the prisoner was remanded to jail; when there a low, damp chamber near to stagnant water was selected; the refractory subject was laid in it on his back, and on his breast a huge weight of iron. This, with low diet, bad drink, and the generally unwholesome sanitary regulations, brought in a few days death or an answer. This was the *Peine forte et dure*. The argument commonly was irresistible. Occasionally, however, it appeared that some heroic victim held out till death; and a motive which more than once prevailed, was the preservation of the family estates to the heir, there being no forfeiture if there was no trial.

On this foundation Mr. Hirst has constructed his poem—with the further basis of an old family legend. At the opening we are introduced to a knight hastering "over a moorland like a whirlwind," to the shelter of his ancestral castle. He has returned from the Holy

Land to avenge the betrayal of his wife, and fights his way through a party of assailants, headed by the seducer. The castle is gained, and the Lady Gwineth, sleeping in her chamber, is slain by his hand. He is about to inflict the same vengeance on his son, when he hesitates conscience-stricken. The consequences of his act rise before him; the fallen fortunes and exile of his son. He resolves, himself, first to suffer the last extremity. Morning finds him led away to prison; he will make no reply on his trial. The dungeon sees him expire, under the agonies of the legal torture, but not before his nephew has confessed the interested fabrication which stabbed the honor of his wife.

Mr. Hirst has treated these incidents in a striking and animated style. His rhetorical efforts are at times over ambitious; there is noticeable a want of simplicity; antithesis is pushed too hard, and alliteration to painful limits; but there is frequent strength of expression, and success boldly achieved in the versification. A storm raging without, as in Macbeth, while the bloody deed and prompt repentance are carried on within, is the *deus ex machina* of the story.

A few stanzas, selected at the different periods of the story, will illustrate the observations we have made:—

#### ROLAND'S ARRIVAL AT THE CASTLE.

"Loud above the increasing tempest rose the warder's threatening hail;  
Louder rose the ringing answer from a lip that scorned to quail;  
'Grey of Grey!' the warrior thundered, 'he who fears nor bolt nor dart—  
He who is your master, vassal—Roland of the Lion Heart.'  
"Clanking, clattering, grating, slowly up the huge portcullis went,  
And the draw-bridge over the moat creaking, shrieking, downward bent;  
On his armor flashed the torch-light, over helmet, cuirass, shield,  
With its *lion d'or couchant* upon a stainless *argent* field.  
"Over rode he, frowning fiercely, throwing from him ruddy light,  
Flashing, like a burning beacon, on his startled vassals' sight,  
Rose the draw-bridge, fell the barrier, closed the oaken gates behind.  
—All was silence save the roaring of the wild November wind."

#### THE DEED AND REPENTANCE.

"Roared the tempest; crashed the thunder; even the castle seemed to quail  
And tremble, like a living thing, before the fury of the gale;  
But the fierce and fearless murderer turned to where his child reclined,  
Asleep, amid the thunder's crash, the rushing rain and roaring wind.  
"As he bent above his boy, dim memories of days long back  
Came, like stars an instant seen amid the autumn tempest's rack;  
But as swiftly over his spirit flashed the ruin of his name—  
Flashed the withering thought that even that child might be the child of shame.  
"Wildly then he raised his glaive, but wilder, sterner still, without,  
Swelled the tempest, burst the thunder, yelled the winds with maniac shout;  
While the lightning, red and vivid, quivered through the skies in ire,  
Till the chamber with its flashes seemed a blazing hall of fire."  
"Blood for blood" is rightly written; I have slain a spotless wife,  
And will decree a heavy penance—yield the law my forfeit life;  
Come the judgment, I will meet it; and the torture shall not tear  
Word from me to make a beggar of my rightful, righteous heir."  
"As the stricken knight was speaking, in the distance died the storm;  
And the moonlight on the casement wandered sweetly, rested warm;  
Through the golden glass it floated, fluttering over the lady's hair,  
Till she seemed a mild Madonna, watched by angels, slumbering there."

#### THE ARRAIGNMENT.]

"Roland, Baron Grey!" the crier, in the ancient Latin tongue,  
Which, like some old bell in tolling, through the vaulted building rung:  
Cold and stern the prisoner answered—cold and stern—devoid of fear—  
Looking haughtily around him:—"Roland, Baron Grey, is here!"  
"Muttering the solemn charge, they bade him answer; but he stood  
Cold, and calm, and motionless, as though he were nor flesh nor blood,  
But rather, all a bronzed statue of the proud, primeval time—  
In his silence self-devoted—in his very guilt sublime.  
"Thrice they prayed him: while he listened, not a quiver on his brow,  
Not the movement of a hair upon his head or beard of snow,  
Not the motion of a lip, nor even the flutter of an eye,  
Betokening that he even heard them—he was there alone to die.  
"In the distant, dreary years, so run the legends even now—  
Misty legends on whose summits slumber centuries of snow—  
Lofly legends round whose summits clouds have lain for solemn ages—  
Legends penned with iron pens in blood by Draco-minded sages—  
"It was written, they should bear him to a dungeon under ground,  
Far beneath the castle moat, where came no single human sound,  
And unto the earth should chain him, naked, on the icy ground—  
Naked, like the sage Prometheus, on the mountain's summit bound."

#### THE VISION.

"Was he dreaming? through his dungeon stole a pale purpureal light,  
Flowing round him, floating round him, making daylight of its night;  
In its midst, his gentle Gwineth, while around her brow there flowed,  
Fluttering flame, a golden halo! that with heavenly glory glowed.  
"Did he hear her? Was it real? with an angel's voice she spake;  
How the words, like flakes of music, silver music! sweetly brake,  
Round and round him! how they floated, ringing in his ravished ears,  
Like the notes of Memnon's lyre, or chantings from the distant spheres!"  
"Still, entranced, the sufferer listened; and it seemed as from his pain  
Sweeter music yet was born, for holier hymning lulled his brain."

This exhibits the general texture of the poem. We were closely examining its warp and woof, we might find an uneven thread here and there. A writer who can pen lines such as the best of these we have quoted, should not indulge in such platitudes as this:—

"Very wild his agony; very; but between its bars his eyes," &c.

The bastard colloquialism "lengthy" here finds itself, for the first time, we believe, in poets' numbers:—

"Slowly through the lengthy streets, between old houses rising high."

Poets frequently use unusual expressions, but unusual expressions are not always poetry, for instance,—

"The imperial swanliness that made thee move  
As if a deity possessed thy love."

In the occasional poems of the volume there are several which we have read with pleasure. There is a vigor, proper to the occasion, in "Coriolanus." The Robin, with descriptions of nature, has touches of genuine feeling:—

"May, and in happy pairs the Robins sit  
Hatching their young,—the female glancing down  
From her brown nest No one will trouble it,  
Lest heaven itself should frown

"On the rude act, for from the smouldering embers  
On memory's hearth flashes the fire of thought,  
And each one by its flickering light remembers  
How flocks of Robins brought

"In the old time, leaves, and sang, the while they covered  
The innocent babes forsaken. So they rear  
Their fledglings undisturbed."

The Poet's Love is a painful reminiscence of the burden of Tennyson's "Two Voices." We cannot hear its meaning, for the echoes of the original.

The concluding Poem of the collection is one of the happiest. It is entitled Florence. The story is a kind of inversion of the ballad of Edwin and Angelina, the traveller and the host changing places; it is a vehicle for much agreeable description, though there is far too much carelessness for a writer who can elaborate, and whose beauties make us the more impatient of his defects. The nature of Part I. of this little poem will attract the reader. There is a fine image closely bound up in this stanza:—

"Onward he rode, while, like the sound  
Of surf along a shingly shore,  
The murmur of a people's joy  
Marched, herald-like, before."

#### BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

DICKENS'S *David Copperfield* (JOHN WILEY) in the last number, the Fourth, has received quite an impulse in the introduction of an original character, whom we do not remember to have seen on the Pickwick canvas before, one Mr. Micawber, a representative of a peculiar division of the careless, reckless class of improvidents and unfortunates upon whom the world has bestowed a double stock of misery, while Nature in compensation has gifted them with a triple capacity for happiness. Mr. Micawber's fortunes (he is first introduced to us in the capacity of a "drummer" to a spirit bottling house) have been long on the wane, and we fairly see his last teaspoon up the spout before he gets to a prison in the Borough, where, by the way, there is a scene worthy of Fielding, Goldsmith, or Hogarth. A character was never better sketched. Every word and action is the history of a whole life. The good-natured disposition, with its small stock of imposing vanities, which would seem to be unfairly triumphed over by misfortune, has its revenge in turn by making light of the misery. If there was any doubt of Dickens's unexhausted freshness it is solved in his favor by Chapters Eleven and Twelve of this work.

It is a necessity of the autobiographical form of the narrative that the story should move on, so we get rid of Mr. Barkis's courtship in this number, and of his oft-repeated "willingness," in his marriage. With that over, and the school days left behind, other shades of the old Dotheboys Hall, we are getting with Master Copperfield rapidly out into the world, with a promising prospect of rare adventures. The number breaks off with a crisis, which will cause the next to be looked for with avidity.

The first part of the reprint of THACKERAY'S *Pendennis*, by the HARPERS, has just been issued in a fac-simile of the original London edition, with the exception of the steel etchings. The woodcuts are all well given, and being designed by the author, in a style of his own, are very important aids to the text. *Pendennis* is capital reading, with a mixture of London and rural life, and ample compensation in its gentle picture of goodness in Mrs. Pendennis and Laura, for the unmitigated hardness and selfishness of Vanity Fair. The club character, the Major, is inimitable. We feel his reality from the nap of his hat to the soles of his boots. The father, the retired Apothecary, is drawn with more quiet and repose of manner and style than usual with the author. But that comes with success and the ready recognition of the writer's drafts by the public. This success was so indubitably reap-



ed in *Vanity Fair*, which raised the author, in association with Dickens, to rivalry with the great master of English fiction, that we might have anticipated its fruits in a matured consciousness of power in the next book. Whether *Pendennis* will maintain the stamina of *Vanity Fair* remains to be seen. It strikes us that the selection of characters is in a lighter vein, and hardly gives promise of it. Satirical pictures of a purely worldly life are the author's strong cards. There is no man who has so thorough a knowledge of a conventionalism.

*The Men to make a State; their Making and their Marks*, is the quaint but significant title of an address by BISHOP DOANE before the trustees, teachers, and students of Burlington College, on the last anniversary of the National Independence. It is a succession of brief, pithy maxims, ringing blows on the anvil, exhibiting the union of every honorable, manly quality with true Christianity. These are its concluding passages:—

"And for the marks of men that are to make a State. I see them in the ingenuous boy. He looks right at you, with his clear, calm eye. The glow that mantles on his cheek is of no kin with shame: it is but virtue's color, spreading from his heart. You know that boy in absence, as in presence. The darkness is not dark to him; for God's eye lightens it. He is more prompt to own than do a wrong; and readier for amendment than for either. There is nothing possible, for which you may not count on him; and nothing good, that is not possible, to him, and God.

"I see them in the earnest boy. His heart is all a-throb, in all his hand would do. His keen eye fixes on the page of Homer, or of Euclid, or of Plato; and never wavers, till it sees right through it, and has stored its treasures in the light of his clear mind. His foot has wings for every errand of benevolence or mercy. And when you see the bounding ball fly highest, and fall farthest from the stand, and hear the ringing shout that is the signal of its triumph, you may be sure that it was his strong arm that gave that ball the blow.

"I see them in the reverential boy. He never sits where elders stand. His head is never covered when superiors pass; or when his mother's sex is by. He owns in every house, at every hour of prayer, a present God. *INGENUOUS, EARNEST, REVERENTIAL BOYS*: these are our marks of men to make a State.

"What constitutes a State?

Not high-raised battlements, or labored mound,  
Thick walls, or moated gate;  
Not cities proud, with spires and turrets crowned,  
Not bays, and broad-armed ports,  
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;  
Not starred and spangled courts,  
Where low-browed business wafts perfume to pride.  
No. Men, high minded men.

Men, who their duties know,  
But know their rights; and, knowing, dare maintain;  
Prevent the long aimed blow,  
And crush the tyrant, while they rend the chain:  
These constitute a State."

MESSRS. APPLETON have published a new juvenile, one of the series of "Tales for the People," a reprint of an English tale,—the "Story of a Genius, or *Cola Monti*," by the Author of "How to Win Love," &c.; also a compact and comprehensive pocket volume, an "Easy Introduction to Spanish Conversation," by M. VELAZQUEZ DE LA CADENA. It may be used as a preliminary to Ollendorff. We have rarely seen as much matter crowded into as small a compass in a work of the kind. Indeed, it professes to furnish the student "all the elements necessary to enable him in a very short time to enter into a conversation on the most usual topics." A new school edition of *The Bucolics, Georgics, and Aeneid of Virgil*

has appeared from the Boston press of MUSSEY & Co. It is edited with English notes, a life of Virgil, and remarks upon scanning, by Edward Moore, M.A. While recourse has been had freely to the labors of English and German scholars, the editor's object has been the medium one, "neither on the one hand to save the student the trouble of referring to his lexicon and grammar, nor, on the other, to leave him to contend unassisted with the intricacies of a difficult passage." The text is bold, a large clear type, unusually well printed. H. HOOKER & Co., Philadelphia, have published a reprint, the first American from the second London edition, of *The Doctrine of the Incarnation of Our Lord Jesus Christ, in its relation to Mankind and the Church*, by ROBERT ISAAC WILBERFORCE, A.M. The first and second volumes of the new Boston edition of HUME's History of England have been issued by PHILLIPS, SAMPSON & Co. in a very neat, convenient form, and at a low price.

SCOTT & Co.'s Republication of the Reviews for the Quarter includes the Edinburgh, the Quarterly, and the Westminster, all numbers of unusual interest. The papers in the *Edinburgh* on the Hungary Question and Macaulay will be widely read. The *Quarterly* has an article on Lyell's Second Tour, remarkable for its interest in American affairs and general tone of fairness, so unlike the Quarterly of the old times. Dr. Beattie's Life of Campbell is condensed in a very readable paper. The *Westminster* opens with an eulogium of Tennyson, evidently from one of the inner set of that author's admirers, and has rather a scrutinizing view of Louis Napoleon. The *North British Review*, completing the series of the American reprints, will follow in a few days. *Blackwood* for August has a continuation of the Caxtons and Christopher under Canvas, the new series of papers, of which a characteristic passage will be found in another column.

GOUPIL, VIBERT & Co. are the publishers of a well executed lithographic Drawing of San Francisco, from two points of view in 1847 and 1849; two years which may stand as compared with the colonization of the Atlantic settlements the representatives of half a century. The extent of the new city of the Pacific is not, however, fairly indicated by the number of the houses; the bay dotted with shipping is a better test—the houses manufactured in New England and New York for the settlement not having yet fairly doubled Cape Horn. The print is interesting as the first publication of the kind, and we are glad that it has fallen into the hands of the enterprising house by whom it is issued. Goupil, Vibert & Co. are doing a good service to the country in bringing their resources to the improvement of the prints in popular circulation, in which, certainly, there is as yet abundant room for the exercise of a little good taste and artistic truthfulness.

#### HOW POETRY MAY BE CRITICISED.

THERE is a revival of *Christopher North* in *Blackwood*, not in his old rampant style of animal vigor, but staid and philosophic as becomes the years of that venerable personage. He is out with a party boating in the lakes of the Highlands—"Christopher Under Canvas." The company on the last excursion (in the August number), in early evening, fall into a discussion on Gray's Elegy. As an exhibition of what criticism can get out of a single

stanza, we present what is said on this single verse.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,  
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,  
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,  
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

SEWARD. True enough, not for the dead—but Gray then felt as if it were for the dying—and chose to say so—the parting day. Was it quick and "merry as a marriage-bell?" I can't think it—nor did Milton, "swinging slow with sullen roar." Gray was *Il Penseroso*. Prospero calls it the "solemn curfew." Toll is right.

NORTH. But, says my friend Mitford, "there is another error, a confusion of time. The curfew tolls, and the ploughman returns from work. Now the ploughman returns two or three hours before the curfew rings; and 'the glimmering landscape' has 'long ceased to fade' before the curfew. The 'parting day' is also incorrect; the day had long finished. But if the word Curfew is taken simply for 'the Evening Bell,' then also is the time incorrect—and a *knell* is not tolled for the parting, but for the parted—and leaves the world to darkness and to me." "Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight." Here the incidents, instead of being progressive, fall back, and make the picture confused and inharmonious; especially as it appears soon after that it was *not* dark. For 'the moping owl does to the moon complain.'"

SEWARD. Pardon me, sir, I cannot venture to answer all that—but if Mitford be right, Gray must be very wrong indeed. Let me see—give us it over again—sentence by sentence—

BULLER. No—no—no. Once is enough—and enough is as good as a feast.

NORTH. Talboys?

TALBOYS. Since you have a great respect for Mr. Mitford, sir, so have I. But hitherto I have been a stranger to his merits.

SEWARD. The best of you Scottishers are intolerably ignorant about England.

TALBOYS. In the first place, Mr. North, when does the Curfew toll, or ring?—for hang me if I remember—or rather ever knew. And in the second place, when does the Evening Bell give tongue?—for hang me if I am much better informed as to his motions. Yet I should know something of the family of the Bells. Say—eight o'clock. Well. It is summer-time, I suppose; for you cannot believe that so dainty a person in health and habits, as the Poet Gray, would write an Elegy in a Country Churchyard in winter, and well on towards night. True, that is a way of speaking; he did not write it with his crow-quill, in his neat hand, on his neat vellum, on the only horizontal tomb-stone. But in the Churchyard he assumes to sit—probably under a Plane-tree, for sake of the congenial Gloom. Season of the year ascertained—Summer—time of Curfew—eight—then I can find no fault with the Ploughman. He comes in well—either as an image or a man. He must have been an honest, hard-working fellow, and worth the highest wages going between the years 1745 and 1750. At what hour do ploughmen leave the stils in Cambridgeshire? We must not say at six. Different hours in different counties, Buller.

BULLER. Go on—all's right, Talboys.

TALBOYS. It is not too much to believe that Hodge did not grudge, occasionally, a half hour over, to a good master. Then he had to stable his horses—Star and Smiler—rub them down—bed them—fill rack and

manger—water them—make sure their noses were in the oats—lock the stable before the nags were stolen—and then, and not till then,

"The Ploughman homeward plods his weary way."

For he does not sleep on the Farm—he has a wife and small family—that is, a large family of smallish children—in the Hamlet, at least two miles off—and he does not walk for a wager of a fitch of bacon and barrel of beer—but for his accustomed rasher and a jug—and such endearments as will restore his weariness up to the proper pitch for a sound night's sleep. God bless him!

BULLER. Shorn of your beams, Mr. North, eclipsed.

TALBOYS. The ploughman, then, does not return "two or three hours before the curfew rings." Nor has "the glimmering landscape long ceased to fade before the curfew." Nor is "the parting day incorrect." Nor "has the day long finished." Nor, when it may have finished, or may finish, can any man in the hamlet, during all that gradual subsiding of light and sound, take upon him to give any opinion at all.

NORTH. My boy, Talboys.

TALBOYS. "And leave the world to darkness and to me." Ay—into his hut goes the ploughman, and leaves the world and me to darkness—which is coming—but not yet come—the Poet knows it is coming—near at hand its coming glooms; and Darkness shows her divinity as she is preparing to mount her throne.

NORTH. Nothing can be better.

#### A JOURNAL OF SUMMER TIME IN THE COUNTRY.

(Continued.)

MR. WILLMOTT has a nicely cultivated sense of the beauties of Art, which he manages skillfully to introduce among his books and landscapes. They are all intimately related; paintings being a middle term between the others. It would be curious to observe in literature how much, in classic authors, has been translated from pictures. The obligations of pictures to books are more obvious. The Dutch scenes of Teniers, Jan Steen, Terberg, and others, have probably eked out many a picture for the humorous writer. The softness of one painter, or the mildness of another, is insensibly transferred to character in the mind of the careful student. We see a sympathy with the landscape and the *genre* painter in Washington Irving's writings. The German author Hoffmann professed himself to write Fantasy Pieces after the manner of the artist Callot.

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin. We are all rich and poor, in every variety of pursuit and occupation, in every art and science engaged in the same undiscovered circle of human knowledge.

#### BOOKS AND PICTURES.

"A beauty in these sketches (Miss Mitford's *Our Village*) ought to be carefully observed—their human interest. We are not inclosed in a wide landscape, with no life, or work, or joy in it. It breathes and lives. The plough moves in the furrow; the sickle flashes among the corn; the flail resounds at the barn-door; there is laughter under the hawthorn, and a merry group of children dances out from those clustering elm trees. In this agreeable feature of her style, the author reminds me of Waterloo. That charming painter was distinguished from his contemporary Ruysdael, and his scholar

Hobbima, by his peculiarity of treating rural scenes, in relation to their influence on man. His pictures speak to the heart as well as to the eye. He employs very simple instruments for the purpose. Perhaps a narrow footpath winds across the fields and is lost in the gloom of thick trees; but a faint glimmer of a cottage plays through the branches. The domestic interior of humble affection is opened to our eyes; the fire of sticks blazes upon the hearth; the housewife is busy at her evening care."

His children run to kiss their sire's return,  
Or climb his knee the envied kiss to share.

"This burying of life in the cool depth of nature, and making peacefulness and action to help and relieve one another, appears to me a happy secret of landscape description. It is never skillfully introduced without success. Whoever has looked at the works of Wouvermans must have observed the outline of his buildings, cottage-roof, shed, or garden-wall, to be always broken by trees, or some kind of verdure. The effect is most pleasant and refreshing.

"I have suggested a comparison of *Our Village* with the pictures of Waterloo; and there is another master who may afford a striking parallel in a different kind of excellence. I allude to Terberg, the most refined and eloquent of all *genre* painters. His distinguishing power is seen in his manner of leaving a story to be partly unravelled by the spectator himself. Waagen styles him the inventor of conversation-painting—the genteel comedy of art. I always enjoy this surprise in the people of *Our Village*.

"A further resemblance between the works of the *genre* painters and these sketches of country life is suggested by their high finish. The old velvet chair of Gerard Dow, worn threadbare by use, is not more startling. It is scarcely to be expected that the merits of a school should be accompanied by none of its defects. I have heard objections to the frequent repetition of similar characters, incidents, and landscapes. But what reader of taste would wish them to be altered? The story of the connoisseur rises to the memory: 'Now,' said he, to a visitor in his splendid gallery, 'I will show you a real curiosity. There is a Wouvermans without a horse in it.' The omission was rare, but the picture was worthless. For my own part, I delight in seeing the favorite faces, scenes, or furniture, of a painter or author reproduced under various combinations. The sameness is a witness of authenticity. The jug and pipe are the autograph of Teniers."

Nature linked with the world of feeling and reflection is exhibited in our next extract.

#### A RAINBOW.

"June 30th.—Spent ten minutes in watching—

'Mid the deep umbrage of a green hill's side,

the birth, growth, and death of a rainbow. Springing from the fir-trees behind the church, it over-arched the garden where our departed parishioners rest, and seemed to fix its pedestal of ruby and emerald on the opposite cornfield. The ploughman is just creeping from under the dripping hedge, and returns to his toil through a gate of glory. While I look into the sky, the leaves sparkle with a dazzling splendor,

—downy gold  
And colors dipped in heaven;

and now the lighted column dissolves in a rain of purple and amethyst. The field, under the

gilded rim of the distant horizon, looks as if it were sown with precious stones, broken up into dust; for the dying rainbow has melted away on the ground. I never saw anything so wonderful—of nature, and yet above her. Turner has not imagined on canvas a combination of tints more extravagant. All is freshness, transparency, and bloom. What a pleasant tumult in the green hedge-rows and glittering grass! A thought comes into my mind, as I shake the rain out of this lily, how calm and unpretending is everything in God's visible world! no noise! no pretension! You never hear a rose growing, or a tulip shooting forth its gorgeous streaks. The soul increases in beauty as its life resembles the flowers! Addison said that our time is most profitably employed in doings that make no figure in the world. He spoke from experience. Often must he have contrasted his solitary walks in the cloisters of Magdalen with the sumptuous turmoil of Holland House; and the cheerful greeting of a college friend on the banks of the Cherwell, with the silken rattle of the imperious Warwick! And there is yet another reflection to be drawn from this vanished rainbow: it is the remembrance of that Bow of Faith which paints the rainy clouds of our life with beauty:—

—the soft gleam of Christian worth  
Which on some holy house we mark;  
Dear to the pastor's aching heart,  
To think, where'er he looks, such gleam may have a part."

Several interesting anecdotes are here brought together of

#### THE MEMORY.

"July 1st.—It is impossible to read a page of literary history without being amazed by the vast capacity of recollection in famous men. The great Latin critic measured genius by memory. Remarkable stories are told of one of his own countrymen. Seneca, in his youth, repeated two thousand words in the order in which they had been uttered. In modern times, Mozart, with the help of a sketch in the crown of his hat, carried away the *Miserere* of Allegri, which he heard in the Sistine chapel.

"English theology furnishes several splendid examples of the faculty. Jewell was especially distinguished. On one occasion, the martyr Hooper wrote forty Irish words, which Jewell, after three or four perusals, repeated according to their position, backwards and forwards. He performed a feat not less difficult with a passage from Erasmus, which Lord Bacon read to him. Saunderson knew by heart the Odes of Horace, the Offices of Cicero, and a considerable portion of Juvenal and Persius. Bates, the eloquent friend of Howe, rivalled the Greek philosopher mentioned by Pliny; and having delivered a public and unwritten address, went over it again with perfect ease and accuracy. Warburton was not inferior to his illustrious predecessors. His common-place-book was an old almanac, three inches square, in which he inserted occasional references, or hints of thoughts and sentences, to be woven into his compositions. But all the erudition of the Divine Legation was intrusted to memory. Pope's description of Bolingbroke is true of Warburton: 'He sits like an intelligence, and recollects all the question within himself.' Lord Clarendon declared that Hales, of Eton, carried about in his memory more learning than any scholar in the world.

"In literature and art, memory is a synonyme for invention; it is the life-blood of ima-



gination, which faints and dies when the veins are empty. The saying of Reynolds has the force of an axiom: 'Genius may anticipate the season of maturity; but in the education of a people, as in that of an individual, memory must be exercised before the powers of reason and fancy can be expanded; nor may the artist hope to equal or surpass, till he has learned to imitate the works of his predecessors.' Mozart studied the works of every renowned composer with intense industry.

"Locke has illustrated the varying strength and duration of this faculty (Human Understanding, ch. x. sec. 5) by a metaphor, unsurpassed in our language for beauty of conception, aptness of application, and completeness of structure: 'Our minds represent to us those tombs to which we are approaching; where though the brass and marble remain, yet the inscriptions are effaced by time, and the imagery moulders away. How much the constitution of our bodies are concerned in this, and whether the temper of the brain makes this difference, that in some it retains the characters drawn on it like marble, in others like freestone, and in others little better than sand, I shall not here inquire. Though it may seem probable, that the constitution of the body does sometimes influence the memory; since we sometimes find a disease quite strip the memory of all its ideas; and the flames of a fever, in a few days, calcine all those images into dust and confusion which seemed to be as lasting as if engraved on marble.' The reader will observe in this passage the confusion of numbers, which escaped the eye of Gray in one of the stanzas of the Elegy:

And many a holy text around she strews,  
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

'Teaches,' of course, should be inserted; as Locke ought to have written:—How much the constitution of our bodies is.'

"The influence of sorrow or sickness upon the memory might be considered with great interest. Dr. Rush, an American physician, records a touching circumstance. He was called to visit a woman whom he had known in childhood. He found her rapidly sinking in typhus fever. Three words—the Eagle's Nest—at once soothed and brightened her mind. The tree had grown on her father's farm, and the name brought back the freshness and joy of her early days. From that hour she began to amend, and the fever left her:

One clear idea awakened in the breast  
By memory's magic lets in all the rest."

One topic could not escape the gentle pen of the Journalist. It is delicately handled, with careful reverence. One word embraces it.

#### MOTHERS.

"July 7th.—Looked over a little volume showing the obligations of literature to the mothers of England. Our greatest monarch opens the record. A-ser relates that Alfred was tempted into learning to read by the splendor of a MS. which his mother promised him. There is a well-known story of Chatterton's faculties being awakened by the illuminated capitals of some French music. But the early passion for books was never developed more strikingly than in Tasso and Shenstone, though with such unequal results. Tasso, in his eighth year, began his studies with the rising sun, and was so impatient for the hour that his mother often sent him to school with a lantern. Shenstone's mother quieted him for the night by wrapping up a piece of wood in the shape of a book, and putting it under his

pillow. Burns caught the music of old ballads from his mother singing at her wheel.

"A living poet has drawn the character of such a loving and Christian parent with eloquence and feeling not unbecoming the theme:—

Her by her smile how soon the stranger knows,  
How soon by his the glad discovery shows.  
As to her lips she lifts the lovely boy,  
What answering looks of sympathy and joy!  
He walks, he speaks! In many a broken word  
His wants, his wishes, and his griefs are heard.  
And ever, ever to her lap he flies,  
When rosy sleep comes on with sweet surprise;  
Locked in her arms, his arms across her flung  
(That name, most dear, for ever on his tongue).  
But soon a nobler task demands her care,  
Apart she joins his little hands in prayer,  
Telling of him who sees in secret there.  
And now the volume on her knee has caught  
His wandering eye—now many a written thought,  
Never to die, with many a inspiring sweet,  
His moving, murmuring lips, endeavor to repeat.

"No incident in the sad story of Bloomfield is so pleasing as his return to the home of his childhood, after a wearisome absence of twelve years. He took the Farmer's Boy in his hand, a present for his mother. He had not forgotten that eventful morning when she travelled with him to London, and left him with his elder brother in one of the dimmest courts of that great city, 'with a charge, as he valued a mother's blessing, to watch over him, to set good examples for him, and never to forget that he had lost his father.'

"Bishop Jewell had his mother's name engraved on a signet-ring, and Lord Bacon poured his heart into one short sentence in his will:—For my burial, I desire it may be in St. Michael's Church, near St. Albans; there was my mother buried.' At Dulwich, in a dark gown trimmed with fur, holding a book, we see the mother of Rubens, who, losing his father in childhood, was reared by her watchful tenderness. Pope wrote no lines more affecting than the four inscribed on the column to his mother in the garden at Twickenham—'Again! Again! Again! Again!' By Cowper's verses on his mother's picture we might place the letter of Gray: 'It is long since I heard you were gone in haste to Yorkshire, on account of your mother's illness; and the same letter informed me that she was recovered, otherwise I had then wrote to you to beg you would take care of her, and to inform you that I had discovered a thing very little known, which is, that in one's whole life one can never have any more than a single mother.' After his death, her clothes were found in the trunk as she had left them, her son never having had courage to open it and distribute the legacies. Two celebrated persons, not unknown to Gray, Warburton and Hurd, have touched the same chord of feeling; and in modern times its music has been heard in the homes of genius. In one of Wordsworth's sonnets—Catechizing—is a pleasing allusion to the days of boyhood:—

How fluttered then thy anxious heart for me,  
Beloved mother! Thou whose happy hand  
Had bound the flowers I wore with faithful tie.  
Sweet flowers! at whose inaudible command  
Her countenance, phantom-like, doth reappear!  
O, lost too early for this frequent tear,  
And ill requited by this heart-felt sigh.

"And one more famous than Wordsworth has given the same testimony; it is of Walter Scott that the writer speaks: 'On lifting up his desk, we found arranged in careful order a series of little objects, so placed that his eye might rest on them every morning before he began his tasks. There were the old-fashioned boxes that had garnished his mother's toilette, when he, a sickly child, slept in her dressing-room; the silver taper-stand which the young

advocate had bought for her with his first five guinea fee; a row of small packets inscribed with her hand, and containing the hair of those of her offspring who had died before her, and more things of the like sort recalling 'The old familiar faces.'" I will write here, by way of scholiast, the beautiful verses of that poet whom, of contemporaries, Scott most admired—Crabbe:

Arrived at home, how then he gazed around  
On every place where she no more was found;  
The seat at table she was wont to fill,  
The fire-side chair still set, but vacant still;  
The Sunday pew she filled with all her race;  
Each place of hers was now a sacred place!

"Nor has literature any monopoly in this affection of the heart. The desk and the battle-field tell the same story. The circumstance in Sir John Moore's history that falls upon the ear with the strongest pathos, is the message he faltered out to his mother, while falling from his horse at Corunna."

#### Original Poetry.

##### BEETHOVEN'S MUSIC.

BY MRS. JOSEPH C. NEAL.

Love Beethoven? His sad and thrilling strains were associated with every phase of my early life. Their mysterious pathos had been both an echo and an oracle. When we looked up again tears stood in the eyes of each.—*Journal of Summer Day.*

"Do you love Beethoven?"

There was a smile  
Earnest and eager on the questioning lip,  
And clearer light flashed to the large pure eyes  
That looked to me for answer.

Nay, no words  
Were needed in that still but full reply;  
Our hands were linked, and tears had dimmed my gaze.

Did I love Beethoven? There floated up  
A memory of past days, of childhood's faith  
In all things beautiful, and pure, and true;  
Of childhood's tears that came I knew not why!  
As first I listened to the mournful wail  
Of Beethoven's sad minors, chided then  
For what they called a foolish, wayward grief,  
When sobbing out at last my strange delight.

A fire-light picture,—when the dancing flame  
Played over happy faces, and revealed  
A group of youthful dreamers, gathered near.  
How planned they for the future vague, yet fair!  
How soft the cadence of their laughter fell!  
And they had bade me leave the ivory keys  
To sleep awhile in peace, that German air  
So sad, though musical, was all unfit  
(And they spoke gaily) for this happy hour.  
I joined the merry group, and heard them tell  
Of happiness that womanhood should bring;  
Yet 'mid their laughter that wild strain stole in,  
Mournful, unearthly echo of their mirth.  
Alas! how soon were hushed the sweetest tones  
Within the stillness of an early grave;  
And lives one on to envy those who sleep,  
With prayer for like repose upon her lips.

Again there steamed a broader, richer blaze,  
Flashed back from costly gems, and brilliant eyes  
Outshining such adornment. Oh, how fair  
The scene that met the novice on that eve,  
As clinging closer to the manly arm  
On which she leaned, she thought so fair, so bright

Life's pathway lies before me. Then a strain,  
Of richest harmony stole o'er the crowd,  
And as her spirit thrilled with rapture wild,  
A glance so full of love and sympathy  
Was bent upon her, and her heart beat fast,  
Knowing its deep emotion had been shared.  
The grand and solemn symphony was hushed,  
So ceased the voice she loved,—so faded life  
With wild harsh discords prefacing the strain  
Of an eternal and unbroken harmony.

Henceforth, sweet friend,  
Another picture cometh when they ask  
"Do you love Beethoven?" That summer  
morn

In its serene and tranquil loneliness;  
The green vines on the casement lightly swayed,  
Casting their shadow o'er the shaded room,  
As the wind whispered through them, bearing  
tones,

So thou hadst said, of one so well beloved,  
Who died away from home, and home's fond  
care.

And thou with large and spiritual eyes,  
And face so full of Mary's loveliness,  
That meekness which the Saviour loved so well,  
Pausing from choral chords that echoed still,  
To ask the question, answered by a glance.  
Of all the memories linked to mournful strains  
I number none so calm, so sweet as this.

### Correspondence.

Coe's, CENTRE HARBOR, Aug. 13, 1849.

WE were rewarded for Monday's rain by a fair day on Tuesday, with an atmosphere rendered much clearer than it had recently been, by the yesterday's showers. We rode in the morning to the Flume House, a new and elegant building, which has this season replaced a little road-side inn. The view from this place beyond the Notch to the distant mountains, is very fine. The Flume is not worth any very great pains to reach. It is a fall of water between high perpendicular rocks, a wild and romantic place certainly, but which may be easily matched in many a mountain region of our country of less fame than the New Hampshire range. The basin is, I think, superior. This is a large pool, smoothly rounded out of the solid rock by the action of the stream, which, entering it with a sharp turn, whirls its waters around the sides and passes out on its onward course. The Old Man of the Mountain was visible in all his grandeur. His features once seen remain as indelibly stamped on one's memory as those of Daniel Webster.

In the afternoon we made the ascent of Mt. Lafayette. The path, if it deserves such a name, is carried in almost a straight course up the mountain, and the climber has to scramble over, and sometimes under the trunks of trees which have fallen across it, pull himself up by the aid of roots or branches, occasionally finding one leg knee deep in a hole between the rocks, covered by treacherous moss. The walk, though fatiguing, was interesting to me from the wildness of the forest through which we passed. Its decay seemed the work of ages. As we ascended it of course lost its luxuriance, the trees diminishing until, after passing over the thickly-matted tops of some scrubby evergreens, we emerged at the cone of large, loose stones, of which the summits of these mountains are composed. The path is traced over them by small piles of stones placed at wide intervals, to which the guide gave the imposing title of "monuments." The view from the top is preferred by some to that from Mt. Washington, which is 500 feet higher. It has the advantage of its loftier rival, forming with the other peaks of that range a very marked and majestic feature in the view. We descended rapidly, and had the pleasure of finding on our return a valued friend, whose "good fellowship and company" added the pleasures of conversation to those of tilting one's chair to a comfortable angle, and taking mine ease in mine inn, by no means to be despised after a mountain scramble.

We passed over to Fabyan's the next

morning on top of a stage coach, that most delightful of all modes of travel in fine weather and through fine scenery, and reached our destination at dinner time. Towards evening we rode through the Notch, which lost none of its grandeur by comparison with our vivid recollections of the mountain passes of Switzerland. There is nothing in the latter country that can be exactly compared to it, the passes there being over mountains, while here the road runs between their feet. The Franconia rain had not reached this region, and the Saco, usually so turbulent, could hardly muster a few drops to trickle over the bare rocks. The Willey house has been painted up, and a large staring hotel "annexed" to it. When I was last here the house was in its original condition, except as impaired by the hand of Time, and its decaying and melancholy plight was in harmony with the surrounding desolation. If its decay could have been arrested by judicious repairs of a plank here and a pane of glass there, as a worn or broken carving in an old cathedral is cautiously replaced by a freshly cut stone, so as not to mar the picturesque effect of the status in quo, it would have been better. The course of the slide can still be distinctly traced, though a fresh growth of trees has reclothed the torn mountain-side. In one place, however, a broad field of bare sand and rocks remains in the same condition as we may imagine the entire valley to have presented the morning after the catastrophe. Here the bodies of some of the Willey family were found and buried. A traveller last summer, of Old Mortality sympathies, placed a stone on the spot and left a request that succeeding travellers should follow his example. If it is followed henceforward as well as it has been thus far the already respectable pile will soon be a conspicuous landmark.

The New Englanders, who generally make the most of a thing when they get hold of it, have shown a strange indifference at the White Mountains to an author and his writings who should be as thoroughly identified with the region as Washington Irving with the Catskills. Our mountains have not so many local legends that they can spare NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE'S imaginative "Great Carbuncle," which still flashes to the inner eye along the heights of the Notch, or those other exquisite sketches in which he has pictured the scenery of the region.

The skies were so cloudy and the chances for rain predominated so much over those for fair weather, that I reluctantly abandoned my design of ascending the mountain. A numerous cavalcade started off, however, and the busy scene would not have been a bad subject for a modern Wouvermans. My travelling companions were among the number, and on their return had the candor to confess that I had lost nothing by not making the ascent.

Pure democracy appears to be realized more thoroughly in these mountains than in any other place I know of. The well-dressed damsel on the back seat of the stage coach to-day will probably wait upon you and the driver at dinner to-morrow. You will have the keeper of the bowling alley on one side and an old millionaire with his family on their summer jaunt opposite. At dinner time at all the large hotels there is a general muster of the entire forces of the establishment for the service of the table, from the landlord with his sons and daughters, the helps, the bar-keeper, down to the stable boys. But with all this aid their labors are much simplified by an abominable practice of placing the entire dinner and dessert at one time, so that there are no agreeable

pauses between the courses, and the whole affair is dispatched with railroad speed.

It was our intention to have extended our journey to the Dixville Notch, and a lake near it rejoicing in the polysyllabic appellation of Mooselackmachmaguntick, which abounds in trout, but our old opponent the rain prevented us from doing so. We allowed the Conway stage to depart, hoping that the clouds would disperse during the morning, but instead of doing so they showered down heaven's "liquid blessings" with a pertinacity that admitted no hope of a speedy change. We took an extra in the afternoon for Conway. The rain poured down heavily all the while, and about nine o'clock we had the agreeable change of walking a short distance over our shoes in mud, the driver not being willing to venture across a part of the road which had commenced washing away. It was on the edge of a precipice, with the Saco rolling at the bottom of it, and a slight jog would have sent us over, so that his caution was justifiable. He passed very well with his empty stage, and we soon resumed our seats. The rain continued during the next morning, and our ride to Centre Harbor was quite an exciting one, the swollen streams having submerged the bridges, so that it was necessary to send a guide ahead to show the horses where the bridge was, and prevent their getting off of it. The water was nearly up to the stage doors, and the flooded country around presented a strange appearance, with the trees and tops of the fences rising out of the water. We were glad to reach Centre Harbor, and instal ourselves in the comfortable quarters of Mr. Coe, whose house fairly vies with Warren's for the supremacy of New England hotels. †

### What is Talked About.

— The progresses of distinguished ruling personages, be they royalist or republican, kings, queens, or presidents, seem to call forth the same exhibitions in all parts of the world. The adulation is in the race as well as in the system. A certain number of fawning, empty-headed sycophants will run after power wherever they discover it. The manifestation is different, the thing is the same. Some of the records of General Taylor's movements in western Pennsylvania, are only the old European court circulars in a lower key. The *Evening Post*, which rebukes one day the English over-attention to the minutiae of the movements of Victoria, the next holds this language of President Taylor: "The movements of the President and those immediately about him, are recorded in the accounts before us with a silly particularity. As our readers are, doubtless, aware that General Taylor retains, since his election, the humanity with which he was endowed before it, we need not inform them that he eats and drinks, moves and breathes, in form and manner not essentially different from his fellow citizens not in official position." But these things are after all the mere fringe of the garment. The essentials are in Victoria's movements, the awakened attention to the internal affairs of Ireland; in Louis Napoleon's, the indifferent echo to *Vive l'Empereur* in the provinces; in General Taylor's, the universal prosperity and kindly feeling on his route.

— The Hungarian successes have re-awakened the sympathies of the world in the liberty struggle on the Continent. Their constitutional rights, the character of the people, and their unanimity, with the effective traits of their representative men, separate this con-



dict from the red-republican revolutions of the times. It has stamina. An able and eloquent article on Hungarian affairs, in the last *Edinburgh Review*, sets the chief points at issue in the clearest light in which we have seen them stated.

— At a meeting of the authorities of the SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION on the 1st inst., the President of the United States in the chair, there were also present, JOHN M. CLAYTON, Secretary of State; W. M. MEREDITH, Secretary of the Treasury; JACOB COLLAMER, Postmaster General; THOMAS EWBANK, Commissioner of Patents; W. W. SEATON, Mayor of Washington; JOSEPH HENRY, LL.D., Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution. This being the first meeting of the Establishment, the Secretary gave an account of the Institution, of the plan of organization adopted by the Board of Regents, and of the progress made in carrying the several parts into operation. The chairman of the Executive Committee, Mr. Seaton, gave to the meeting an account of the disbursements of the Institution and the state of its funds. The following gentlemen, having been recommended by the Regents and Officers of the Institution, and being duly considered by this meeting, were, on motion of Mr. Meredith, unanimously elected Honorary Members of the Smithsonian Institution, viz. Dr. ROBERT HARE, of Pennsylvania; ALBERT GALLATIN, of New York; Dr. BENJAMIN SILLIMAN, of Connecticut; WASHINGTON IRVING, of New York. On motion of Mr. Clayton, it was *Resolved*, That a committee of three be appointed to draught and report By-laws and Regulations for the future meetings of the Establishment. Whereupon the President appointed Mr. Clayton, Mr. Meredith, and Mr. Seaton, the Committee. On motion of Mr. Collamer, the Secretary of the Institution was added to the said committee. On motion, the meeting then adjourned, to meet again on the call of the President.

— The second annual session of the "American Association for the Advancement of Science," has met at Cambridge, Mass., with a liberal attendance. There have been present, the presiding officer, Prof. JOSEPH HENRY, of the Smithsonian Institute; Prof. HARE, of Philadelphia; W. C. REDFIELD; Prof. A. D. BACHE, Superintendent of the Coast Survey; B. SILLIMAN, Jr.; the Professors of Harvard, including AGASSIZ, Dr. GRAY, PIERCE, and others. Many of the papers presented are of decided interest. Those of Prof. AGASSIZ, on Natural History, are quite numerous. His remarks on the "Zoological Character of Young Mammalia," were attended with curious illustrations of the apparent identity in the early stages of growth of different animals. The stages of birth and maturity had been carefully studied; the intermediate ones of growth had been neglected. A paper of great practical interest was read by Lieut. C. H. DAVIS, U.S.N., on "An American Prime Meridian," to be established on this Continent, and substituted for that of Greenwich, now in use. Greater scientific accuracy would be the result of this change. To secure, however, an easy interchange with the present calculations, he proposes an arbitrary meridian at the city of New Orleans, to be exactly six hours in time and ninety degrees in space from the meridian of Greenwich. We notice in the lists of papers presented, observations by Prof. BACHE on objects connected with the Coast Survey; "On the supposed association of Electricity with Cholera," by Prof. ROBERT HARE; various astronomical observations by Prof. PIERCE, &c.

— "The combined hydrographical labors of the maritime nations of the world, and especially in more recent years of Great Britain and the United States, promise to render the navigation of the seas, and the approaches to, and soundings around the country, shores, and harbors of the continents and islands washed by the seas, as safe, as plain, and almost as certain as the visible land topography of the same regions.

"The Coast Survey of the United States, which Prof. BACHE, with an efficient corps, and ample means provided by Congress, is carrying forward to as rapid completion as is compatible with the required fulness and accuracy of details, is contributing its full share to the claims of civilization and progress in this particular, and we have just seen some new charts, six in number, of the survey of the Western and Azore Islands beautifully executed by Capt. VIDEL, of H.B.M.'s navy.

"This distinguished officer has been engaged in the hydrographic service for more than thirty years, and has embraced in the sphere of his labors a large space, viz. the Coast of Africa, the Canaries (now the Azore Islands), and the bank of the West Coast of Ireland, which bears his name, the Videt Bank.

"Capt. VIDEL, with that courtesy which belongs to scientific officers, has presented copies in proof of his charts of the Azores—the one for the use of the Messrs. BLUNT, our New York hydrographers, the other for the acceptance of the Chamber of Commerce."

*Courier and Enquirer.*

— The Exercises accompanying the Annual Commencement of Yale College have passed off with the usual spirit. The proceedings of the Alumni, of the College Societies, of the Commencement, were all marked by their heartiness, and what the correspondent (Richelieu) of the *Tribune* calls "the genuine spirit of Republicanism." The graduating class numbered 95. It is proposed to establish a Professorship of Music, the office to be filled by RICHARD S. WILLIS.

— A correspondent of the *Chronotype* records several personal traits of the distinguished Southern poet and novelist, Wm. GILMORE SIMMS, who, we learn from the same source, has a new volume of Poems in press, entitled "The Cacique of Accabee." Mr. Simms is now at the head of the Southern Quarterly Review. His conversational resources are thus celebrated: "As a storyteller, I have never met his equal. He has travelled through all the Southern and South-western States, has been among the 'up country' farmers, the turpentine manufacturers, the backwoods hunters, and the Indians, and has laid up an apparently inexhaustible supply of stories and anecdotes for the amusement of his friends. These anecdotes and stories he tells with the greatest zest, and with the skill of an accomplished actor imitating to perfection the dialect, tones, and action, of the various characters introduced."

— SIR JAMES STEPHEN, the contributor of the "Port Royalists" and other articles to the *Edinburgh Review*, has been appointed Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge.

— "Frenner," the California correspondent of the *Picayune*, forwards to that Journal one page of the account book of a merchant of Sonora,—a curiosity which brings us into vivid communication with the motley operations of the diggings. It is but justice to the civilization of the region, however, to

say, that the gentleman whose accounts are in such a wretched condition expiated his bad book-keeping by failure.

*Account Book of John McGuire and the people in these diggings:*

Remou Galpin, 4 lbs. of flour,	\$ 4 00
George Williams, the darkey white man, thomas sillias the spaniard resons flower sugar,	5 00
Manell Sanches groceries D C Dt.,	6 50
Red that lives with Dancing bill,	16 00
Dancing bill needles, thred shose stock-ins,	30 50
the man thats in his tent pantaluns shose,	18 00
Martin that has the woman Dt.,	26 00
Inaca that has the woman with the big ring in her ear,	10 00
the cozen to thomas bone Dt.,	53 00
hamilton for shose Dt.,	70 00
The boy I left the tent with Dt.,	5 00
Hoss Coleman Dt in all,	47 00
lasuz the Sonorian that stole the come flower bread,	25 00
Chene in all up to this date,	37 00
John that speaks English Dt.,	131 00
Polenary flowris that cut of the china man's hair, resons and pain killer medicine,	88 00
Vicente and his two sons 8 ouces in gold dust lent,	48 00
facile the hoss jockey credit till morning pantaloons and shose—red shirt,	96 00
Riseuis Rinede the man as got the shose for sizers for the woman that lives near Cheney \$5 00 one needle in all,	62 00
The man that was lame with romilstone,	7 00
The man that claims the horse 10 dollars cash,	16 00
The spaniard that took the jacket,	10 00
Loreuche the Spaniard that has the cattle,	137 00
frank the man wats won that gambles,	36 00
Manell Sayles, the Canaceer frenchman, that has the white wife,	18 00
and for two ounces in gold dust lent,	24 00
in all,	42 00
The man that fit about the woman over the dry creek frizzles for her head,	32 00
The man that set up the store in the new diggings for wats due on hats candles serapys sorsagis sardenes coffee pantaloons pans red belts,	300 00

— What is the actual ability of Louis Napoleon, is a question which is now frequently asked, and generally in a tone of doubt and hesitation which goes more than half way to meet a depreciatory answer. The reply of the *Westminster Review*, on the basis of the *morale* of the man, is as follows: "Notwithstanding the hare-brained rashness, approaching to insanity, manifested in these conspiracies, there have not been wanting writers, both in this country and abroad, who have represented Louis Napoleon as an educated and well-informed man; the truth being that with some persons, any one who has made a noise in the world, and has the title of a Prince, if he can string together a few common-place sentences, not wholly devoid of sense, passes for an intellectual phenomenon. There is, however, no foundation for the belief that he is in the slightest degree a person of origination or reflective talent. His published writings, and his reported conversations, do not rise to the level of the most ordinary mediocrity. His reading has been superficial, and his practical knowledge of mankind has been drawn from an intercourse with fashionable debauchees. In London his life was that of a *roué*, and in Paris it is the same; his time, when not occupied with his

ministers or military reviews, being divided between his mistresses and the pleasures of the table. His intimate companions are a class of whom even Odillon Barrot permitted himself to speak as men of 'detestable passions.' A spendthrift of his means, although originally in the possession of a handsome fortune, he was no sooner installed in the Presidency, than he had to appeal to his cabinet to assist him out of the embarrassment of a position crippled with debts. The salary of the President had been fixed at £24,000, on the ground that a smaller sum would not suffice to cover the expense of public receptions. The ministry had now to stoop to the disgrace of forgetting that this argument had been taken into consideration, and of proposing a separate sum of £24,000 for the expenses of public receptions, in addition to the salary of the same amount. The Assembly, not caring to quarrel with the President on a merely personal question, voted the money."

SERGEANT TALFOURD's appointment to the vacant Judgeship of the Common Pleas in England, has awakened the congratulations of all parties. At Stafford, the announcement that the popular leader of the Circuit had been made a Judge, was received with unusual favor. He was then engaged in a Jury case. When he retired the bar rose *en masse*. It is mentioned that the verdict was for his client. *Punch* celebrates "A RISE IN 'IOX'—Sergeant Talfourd has been made a Judge. Hip! Hip! Hurrah!" The sympathies of Talfourd with the young literature of England are well known. The *Examiner* sees in the appointment the triumph not only of a good man, but of several good principles, as the recognition of the value of a general liberal cultivation in technical or professional pursuits. "The idea that a man must be the worse lawyer because he is an elegant and accomplished scholar, has passed away, like the belief in witchcraft and other mental imbecilities."

"If there be any psychological fact established beyond dispute, it is that the exclusive exercise of one physical or intellectual faculty impairs the free exercise even of the faculty cultivated. It has been remarked that when gentlemen compete with men of lower rank in games at which both are adepts, the victory very seldom falls to the working man. The reason is that the working man has had time only to practise this one game, while his adversary, fond of athletic exercises, has in turn probably tried them all. Only one set of muscles has been strengthened by exercise in the former case, and in the latter all have been equally developed. The one competitor has learned the trick of the game, but the other has acquired general notions of physical exertion which enable him to turn accidents to account, and to devise resources in emergencies."

"The same law holds good in intellectual pursuits. The mere mathematician—the mere antiquary—the mere historical inquirer—are commonly inferior in their own departments to men who, possessing equal natural powers, have varied and enlarged their range. Incessant addition to one subject dulls the mind, for which there always is rest in simply changing the object of exertion. The scholar's recreation, varying his special pursuit, strengthens his general powers. Returning with redoubled vigor to what for a time he had left, he finds new lights thrown upon it, and is able to enter upon new processes of investigation."

"Pre-eminently is this true of what are called the liberal professions. The mere surgeon and the mere lawyer are of necessity pedants, and very often mercenary pedants."

Without general intellectual culture, technical rules become all-sufficient; and the profession which is not exalted by liberal tastes is commonly degraded into a mere money-getting calling."

THOMAS CARLYLE is travelling through the south of Ireland, in company with Mr. Gavan Duffy. They lately arrived at Cork together and left the next day for Killarney. The topic of Ireland has lately employed much of the attention of Carlyle, in his frequent contributions to the journalism of the day.

MR. KENNEY, the veteran farce writer, author of "Raising the Wind," died lately in London, on the morning of the very day on which a performance was to take place at Drury Lane for his benefit. The benefit was highly productive for his family, Mr. Webster, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Wright, Madame Vestris, and Charles Matthews acting on the occasion.

### Publishers' Circular.

#### LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

MR. WM. R. SCRIVEN, Petersburg, N. Y., is authorized to act as General Travelling Agent for this Journal.

\*\*\* Newspaper postage only is chargeable on the "Literary World."

BOHN's extra volume for August, is "Count Hamilton's Fairy Tales," translated by Monk Lewis, H. T. Ryde, and Charles Kenney.

COOLEY and KEESSE's regular Fall Trade Sale is now proceeding with the usual activity. Commencing on Thursday last, it will continue during the ensuing week, and under as fair auspices as any previous season.

BAGGS, PLATT & Co., having postponed the commencement of their Fall Sale to the 13th September, will then present some choice invoices (especially a fine collection of English works) for competition, which will be well worth the attention of the trade.

JOHN WILEY will publish shortly, "Seymour's Pilgrimage to Rome," containing some account of the high ceremonies, the monastic institutions, the religious services, the sacred relics, the miraculous pictures, and the general state of religion in that city.

BAKER and SCRIBNER announce "Frontenac," a Metrical Romance, by Alfred B. Street; "The Brilliant," an Annual for 1850, with 16 steel engravings, edited by T. S. Arthur; Proverbial Philosophy, by Tupper, with original Designs and Illustrations; "The Puritan and his Daughter," a new work by Paulding; Evenings at Woodlawn, by Mrs. Ellet; Annals of the Queens of Spain, by Mrs. Anita George; "Physician and Patient," by W. Hecker, M.D.; Sacred Scenes and Characters, by J. T. Headley; Richard H. Dana's Poems and Prose Writings; the Writings of Washington Allston; Los Gringos; an Inside View of California and Mexico, by Lt. Wise; and a new Translation of the Psalms, by the Rev. J. Addison Alexander.

CARTER and BROTHERS have in press a new volume by Dr. Spring, entitled "A Pastor's Tribute to one of his Flock, or the Memoir of the late Hannah L. Murray;" Memoir of the late Ashabel Green, by the Rev. Dr. Jones, of Philadelphia; Anderson's Annals of the English Bible, revised, abridged, and continued to the present time, by the Rev. S. I. Prime; The Complete Works of Henry Kirke White; the English Pulpit; Leigh Richmond's Domestic Portraiture; with other valuable works.

STRINGER and TOWNSEND have nearly ready Herbert's long expected book on Fish and Fishing of the United States.

WILLIAM H. HYDE has in press, and will publish next week, "My Mother, or Recollections of Maternal Influence."

### TO THE FRIENDS OF THE LITERARY WORLD.

THE LITERARY WORLD having now successfully passed that period in the history of all enterprises of the kind when permanent existence is a matter of doubt, and being now securely established in its third year, on a firm foundation, is in a condition satisfactorily to appeal to its friends for their aid in still further enlarging its scope and resources. It has been the object of the proprietors from the beginning to establish a journal which should steadily and fully reflect the interests of the reading public; and these interests they trust have not been neglected. The literature of the day has been largely presented in the journal. It has served as a medium between the book trade and the public as an organ of intelligence, and between publishers themselves as a vehicle for announcements. Its usefulness in this direction may be still further extended by a slight co-operation with its publishers on the part of the trade.

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